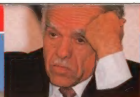


NOVEMBER 14, 1988



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Who's Teaching Our Children



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A LETTER TO THE NEXT GENERATION FROM DR. ROBERT JARVIK *Scientist and Artificial Heart Inventor*



The most powerful forces that change the way we live are the applied sparks of insight that we call invention. Human life, animal-like and stagnant for a million years, began to become civilized with the invention of agriculture only a short ten thousand years ago. The invention of written language made possible the organization of thought necessary to create science and develop technology. Modern transportation and electronic communications forever ended isolated development of Eastern and Western cultures and have given us our first world view. How primitive we remain, how superstitious, and how violent.

The explosion of knowledge in our century, coupled with conflicting cultural values and economic extremes, has made our times boil with excitement and seethe with anxiety. Perhaps your century will put to rest the nuclear menace that ours awoke. Yet, despite the enormity of the risks, for those of us with freedom and initiative, there have never been more stimulating times. Opportunity is everywhere. We are making vast progress.

My field, medical science, came

into its own just yesterday. Vaccines, antibiotics, modern hospitals, advanced surgery, birth control, transplants, genetically-engineered drugs, and artificial organs all emerged only within a matter of decades. Progress was so rapid that for a while we lost sight of reality, of our vulnerability, and neglected to care for our own health. We expected impossible perfection and became intolerant whenever serious problems arose, avoidable or unavoidable. Our attitude was that medical science should cure everything, and that somebody else would pay for it, so we smoked, drank too much, and became inactive and fat.

In "Open Forum" sponsored by
Volkswagen
prominent figures in American
culture pass on their ideas and
views to those who'll inherit the
earth...100 years from now.



Fifth in a series

Please See Inside

"Nothing is more beautiful than truth, a rare bird in the twentieth century, but not extinct."

Then the AIDS epidemic shook us to the marrow, and we began to realize that our sense of security was false. We retained confidence that science and technology were our best hope and mounted one of the most extensive research efforts in history. Nothing moti-



vates like a sense of urgency born of fear. But we also recognized the value of education and realized that prevention must be a major part of the solution.

We learned that taking care of our own health is something all of us must do for ourselves. Good health is not a basic human right. It cannot be guaranteed by a constitution or provided by any government to its citizens. In reality, there are no basic human rights. Mankind created them. They are conventions we agree to abide by for our mutual protection under law. Are there basic animal rights? Basic plant rights? Basic rights of any kind to protect living things on our planet when the sun eventually burns out, or when we block it out with radioactive clouds? Someday, humans will realize that we are a part of nature and not separate from it. We have no more basic rights than viruses, other than those that we create for ourselves through

our intellect and our compassion.

I respect individuality and hunger to explore intellectual frontiers in science as well as personal frontiers in life. Using the JARVIK 7® artificial heart as a bridge to transplant, I have seen enough patients saved that I seek to live my own life as if it were the second chance that many of them have received.

I have been lucky to find love. Marilyn vos Savant, my wife, who has the highest intelligence ever measured, has shown me clearly that objectivity alone is valid and that opinionated thinking and blind trust of authority lead to self-deception and misunderstanding. Nothing is more beautiful than truth, a rare bird in the twentieth century, but not extinct.

We live in Manhattan, high up, and when I look out at that crystal-like skyline and see a city that symbolizes so much accomplishment with many prob-

lems and challenges, I feel part of things. I know that working to complete a truly practical artificial heart is worthwhile, and the only barrier to success is finding the funding to support the work. It feels good to believe in the future of a challenging goal that has not yet been

achieved. It feels good just to be working on it.

Any message I can put forth to future generations can only be one which I believe will remain relevant despite the vast changes that are inevitable. It must also have been relevant centuries ago and surely cannot be new. It is this: Work to be mainstream. Work on the hardest, most important problem to which your talents apply. And do it for yourself. Work for the feeling that you are alive and that you are part of it all. You will accomplish more, you will contribute more, you will be happier, and you will be more secure than if ever you let anyone else tell you what to think.

If I could, I would go to ancient Rome to visit, but I would choose the future to make my home. You have 2038. Live it well.

Robert Jarvik MD
Robert Jarvik



German engineering. The Volkswagen way.

These words are what set us apart from every other carmaker in the world.

These words explain why our cars look, feel and drive the way they do.

And these words underscore the worth of a Volkswagen. We are, after all, the German carmaker that brings you the benefits of German engineering at prices you can afford. And have for some time. In 1989, we'll enter our 40th year of bringing Volkswagens to the United States; more than 9½ million Volkswagens as a matter of fact.

Over the years, the Volkswagen "way" has evolved from our heritage in Germany of designing and manufacturing cars that people could afford, a family could fit into, and that could perform as well as any car on the Autobahn. The evolution continues. In 1989, watch for a new spacious road sedan and wagon, a high-performance rallye-type car, and a serious German sports car.

Today we are a worldwide organization of 250,000 people who all share the same objective: to work toward a more gratifying driving

experience. And that has made us the largest manufacturer in Europe, and for almost 30 years, the best-selling European import in America.*

Our "way" is to design, engineer, manufacture and sell cars which use contemporary German technology to create a relationship between car and driver which we believe to be unique. It has been said that our cars become, "like a member of the family that sleeps in the garage."

We work to provide an ergonomically sensitive environment for a driver and passengers. In a design that is enduring. In a product that is affordable. From a dealer who contributes to the rewarding experience of owning a Volkswagen.

German engineering. The Volkswagen way.

If you're thinking of buying a car in the weeks or months ahead, and if you very much like to drive, we hope you'll soon be moved by what we have to say to get some hands-on experience with "German engineering. The Volkswagen way."

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For more information on the 1989 Volkswagen models, call 1-800-444-VWUS. *Based on manufacturer's reported retail deliveries through 1987.

From the Publisher

Seated behind a row of tables decked out in red, white and blue bunting, workers answered the intermittent jangle of ringing telephones. Others stared intently at their computers, logging results state by state. And every few minutes a worker walked over to a map of the U.S. and attached a blue or red cut-out over one or more states.

A dress rehearsal for Election Night at one of the television networks? No, the program, which originated from the auditorium of the Time & Life Building in New York City, was broadcast live over the C-SPAN network last Thursday evening. Though the show was genuine, the election was not: the ballots were cast by more than 3 million students and their parents around the country and abroad in the largest voter-education project ever, sponsored principally by TIME.

The National Student/Parent Mock Election began in 1980, but this is the first year the results have been aired nationwide. Students from New York City manned the phones and computers. A few, like Stuyvesant High School's Boaz Weinstein and Amanda Schaffer, served as on-air reporters and interviewers. Other student groups in locations ranging from Mi-



From left: Alba, Williams, Weinstein, Schaffer

It was the largest voter-education project ever

ami to Fairbanks contributed live reports on local presidential results. Said Mary Alice Williams of CNN, the program's anchor: "It's timely and necessary that we teach people that voting in the U.S. is a birthright. I caught the virus immediately."

The program was produced by Mal Alba of HBO, which also handled many of its broadcast logistics. TIME senior editor Terry Zintl provided on-air analysis of the voting results. TIME also distributed guidebooks and a questionnaire on key issues. That survey showed, among other things, that 80% of students and parents opposed new taxes to reduce the federal deficit, and 61% favor a treaty drastically reducing U.S. and Soviet nuclear-missile stockpiles. Asked to compare their future financial prospects with their parents' current circumstances, 43% of the students said they expected to be better off, and only 11% thought their standard of living would decline.

Oh, yes, the presidential outcome? George Bush by a mock landslide, 59% to 41%.

Robert L. Miller

TIME COLLEGE ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS

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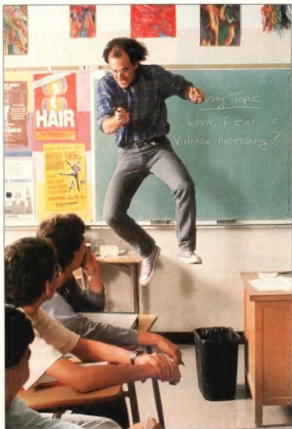
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COVER: The blackboard jungle is fast evolving, and so is the role of teachers

58

They are blamed for the failures of American schools, accused of incompetence and expected to fill in for negligent parents, and they work under conditions few professionals would tolerate. "We are the mother, the teacher, the nurse, the doctor," says one classroom veteran. Still, many say the modern schoolhouse is a place not only of fears and frustrations but also of startling epiphanies and sublime rewards.



NATION: Voters can bid good riddance to the sour, trivial campaign of 1988

18

The Five P's of Poison Ivy Politics—the public, the process, the packagers, the polls and the press—bear collective responsibility for the nastiest campaign in memory.

- Congressman Lee Hamilton suggests requiring presidential nominees to address a single major issue each week.
- With her head held high, Imelda Marcos is arraigned.



BUSINESS: Car buff Robert Stempel hopes to put a new shine on GM's image

48

Stempel, the leading candidate to succeed chairman Roger Smith, could be the man to engineer a turn-around at the lagging automaker. He has already given dealers and employees a much needed morale boost.

- Investors worry about debt as the bidding for RJR-Nabisco intensifies.



WORLD: Israel's Likud, edging out Labor, courts the religious right for victory

With neither major party anywhere close to a Knesset majority, Shamir holds the most cards in the game of coalition politics. For those who advocate a negotiated Mideast settlement, election results offer scant encouragement. ▶ Indian paratroopers thwart an invasion of mercenaries in the far-off Maldives. ▶ Sergei Khru-shchev recounts the gripping tale of his father Nikita's downfall.

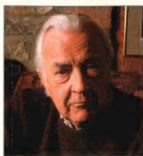
30



PRESS: The year of the made-for-TV campaign

Many network reporters and executives admit that in 1988 the candidates succeeded in manipulating the news. Now they are wondering what to do about it. ▶ A season of tepid endorsements.

66



INTERVIEW: Eugene McCarthy on Campaign '88

Running as a third-party candidate, he dismisses both Bush and Dukakis, urges the elimination of the vice presidency and praises the Reagan presidency.

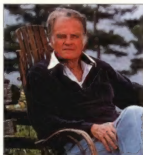
73



VIDEO: TV's most-everything-ever mini-series is here

It cost \$110 million to produce, will run for 32 hours, and could draw huge ratings. But *War and Remembrance*, ABC's lumbering sequel to *The Winds of War*, may be the last of a dying breed.

81



RELIGION: At 70, Billy Graham still isn't slowing down

With four decades and 2.2 million converts behind him—and with no successor in sight—the century's most popular Protestant is still working his civilized sawdust trail. Next stop: London.

86



LAW: Tough women, fast cars

The Supreme Court hears the case of a "macho" woman accountant. Was she denied promotion because of sexual stereotypes obliging women to be sweeter? ▶ High-speed police chases—critics call them a public peril.

96



ESSAY: Who says the voters are always right?

It is often correct for a citizen to suggest that those who vote differently are fools, dupes, underinformed or intellectually lazy. This holds true even when the other side wins.

100

7 Letters
12 Critics' Choice
14 American Scene

75 Environment
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88 Art

90 Cinema
91 Books

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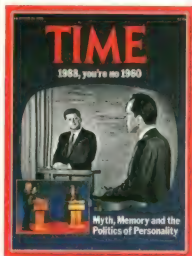
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Letters

1988, YOU'RE NO 1960

"Why do we expect the political process to remain the same when everything else changes?"

Samuel Lehman, New Haven, Conn.



From the striking comparison between 1960 and 1988, one must conclude that television is strangling our democratic process (NATION, Oct. 24). It has diminished politicians and issues by emphasizing personality and glitz, allowing Americans to feel a false optimism, while serious problems gnaw away at the quality of life.

Gage Mace
West Hollywood, Calif.

"Myth, Memory and the Politics of Personality": Teddy White would have loved it. As America braces for another collective sigh, I hope your journey through the post-1960 decades is read by the next President. Maybe he will slip away from the White House one evening in January to talk with some plain folks.

Eric F. Johnson
Erie, Pa.

We live in an age when supermarkets are the size of small towns and having someone pump your gas for you is almost

I.F. STONE

wrote his "revisionist" history of World War II during World War II.



He wrote it from week to week, in the pages of *The Nation*. Unsoftened by nostalgia and undiminished by hindsight, these pieces stand up today as prescient and powerful, free from cant and conventional wisdom. Together, they "meld into a vivid newsreel that throws light on the 1940s—and the '80s."

—*Publishers Weekly*

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— Jolene Connor
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Letters

unheard of. Why do we expect the political process to remain the same when everything else changes? Am I the only one who feels the new 1988 brand of politics is better than the predictable and boring politics of the past?

*Samuel Lehman
New Haven, Conn.*

Lance Morrow's article noted the differences between the 1960 and 1988 presidential campaigns. Certainly, Dan Quayle is "no Jack Kennedy," but Mike Dukakis also has nothing in common with Kennedy, except Massachusetts and party affiliation.

*Mark A. Haviland
Randolph, N.J.*

Why should 1988 be 1960? Are we supposed to be going backward?

*Joanne Gerstner
Grosse Pointe Woods, Mich.*

The Homeless Issue

The article discussing the homeless [NATION, Oct. 24] as a campaign issue is built on a foundation of sand, with mortar of two parts distortion and one part error. Using phony numbers, you lay the blame for homelessness on a cut in housing programs that never took place. It is a disservice to the voters.

You say as many as 2 million people might be without shelter for at least a night during the year. The actual number of homeless is one-quarter of that figure, according to national studies conducted scientifically by HUD and the National Bureau of Economic Research. Even so, federal agencies have spent \$1.3 billion for McKinney Act homeless programs alone since July 1987. You charge that not enough has been done, but, in truth, the nation's housing policy is on a sound footing, and the Administration has worked actively to make housing more available. For home buyers, mortgage rates have been cut from 17.5% to 10%. Compared with 1980, the average new home is affordable to double the percentage of families headed by 25- to 34-year-olds, and a record high of 58.2 million American families now own their homes, an increase of more than 5 million families.

You claim that subsidized housing has been slashed 77%. Wrong: it has been doubled. The actual amount paid by the Federal Government has increased from \$5.3 billion in 1980 to \$12.3 billion in 1988. The Administration has expanded assistance by providing rent subsidies directly to poor families, enabling more than 1 million of them to move off waiting lists into decent affordable homes. Under old policies, which included costly new public housing projects, it took over 40 years to extend assistance to 3.2 million

families. The bogus slash in housing assistance claimed by you is actually savings achieved by adding new poor families to our programs rather than new buildings.

More effective efforts by Government, churches and private agencies to resolve family crises, cure addiction and treat chronic mental illnesses will do more to solve the homeless problem than an increase in the minimum wage or even a doubling of the housing budget. It will take a united effort to solve the plight of the homeless. As a caring nation, that is what we have begun.

*Samuel R. Pierce Jr., Secretary
Department of Housing and
Urban Development
Washington*

Trump's Success Secrets

In "Special Report: One Year Later" [BUSINESS, Oct. 17], the "snipers" you cite who "contend that Donald Trump, the developer and casino kingpin, was bitten hard by the bear, even though he bragged late last October that he was smart enough to get out just in time" are 100% wrong. I had sold all of my stocks, including, but not limited to, Bally Manufacturing, Allegis Corp. and Holiday Corp., prior to the Oct. 19 crash. The only two stocks I had were control positions in Alexander's, Inc., and Resorts International, Inc., which, to this day, I have not sold.

*Donald J. Trump
New York City*

In Full Bloom

Once more, Allan Bloom, the pseudo-Plato of the 1980s, spouts his venom directed against practical education and equality of opportunity [INTERVIEW, Oct. 17]. Professor Bloom, the 20th and 21st centuries have no room for philosophers. Put aside your Plato and Aristotle and Hegel and Kant and Marx for a while and come out to meet the people who make up the country. You will learn at last what an educated life is really about.

*Marion Saltz
Jericho, N.Y.*

The reason that reviews of Bloom's book by college administrators are so fatuous is that most of these people are paper-pushing public relations creatures who are totally divorced from the mainstream of education—classroom teaching.

*Robert Guy Arthur
Kings Park, N.Y.*

Borrowed Finery

Reluctantly, I have to say Nancy Reagan's wearing dresses that cost many thousands of dollars is somehow sick [NATION, Oct. 24]. Doing this while mil-

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lions of Americans are homeless and hungry demonstrates one way great powers go downhill: wild extravagance at the top and misery at the bottom.

Graham R. Hodges
Liverpool, N. Y.

Your article about the First Lady was appalling and in the worst taste ever. You are misinformed about the borrowings or purchases of Mrs. Reagan, at least in relation to the firm of Adolfo. Frankly, it is none of your business, or mine, to discuss openly her personal transactions.

Adolfo F. Sardina
New York City

Mrs. Reagan's finery could hardly be more fitting. The prosperity in which Reaganomics has dressed this nation also glitters, is also borrowed, and will also be painful to give up.

Frank Muller
New York City

Should the Reagans have to pay rent for the car they "borrow" to use in their official life? Or for their "borrowed" digs on Pennsylvania Avenue? I think it's a cheap shot to start a tempest in a teapot about Nancy Reagan's clothes. She deserves a warm pat on the back for a job well done.

Letitia Baldrige
New York City

It is difficult to understand how the American presidency was able to survive the dowdy dress of those Democratic First Ladies Eleanor Roosevelt and Bess Truman (bless 'em).

John Luther Mohr
Los Angeles

Safety at Savannah River

Your account concerning safety at the Government's Savannah River nuclear facility was incomplete and misleading [ENVIRONMENT, Oct. 17]. The start-up of the reactor with partially irradiated tritium in its core never posed a risk to the plant or community; panels of outside experts confirm this fact. As plant contractor, Du Pont has reported all incidents at Savannah River to the Government. The Department of Energy concedes that any communications problems were within DOE. Du Pont has been at Savannah River for 38 years, and, during that time, there has never been a single nuclear event that harmed anyone.

Richard E. Heckert, Chairman
E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.
Wilmington, Del.

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Critics' Choice



THEATER

ITALIAN AMERICAN RECONCILIATION. In John Patrick Shanley's *Little Italy*, all the women are worldly-wise, and all the men are moonstruck. John Turturro leads the cast of this chocolate-heart comedy at the Manhattan Theater Club.

DINNER AT EIGHT. It's raining stocks and bonds outside, but portents of Depression don't penetrate the penthouses in Kaufman and Ferber's glittering 1932 melodrama at New Haven's Long Wharf Theater.

THE COCKTAIL HOUR. Nancy Marchand is at her tragicomic best off-Broadway as a Wasp matriarch in an elegant comedy by A.R. Gurney, author of *The Dining Room*.



ART

DREAMINGS: THE ART OF ABORIGINAL AUSTRALIA. Asia Society, New York City. Exponents of the oldest visual tradition on earth evoke their spirit ancestors in paintings and carvings of striking beauty. Through Dec. 31.

MONEY IN LONDON. High Museum, Atlanta. To mark the museum's fifth anniversary, a show of 23 atmospheric views of Waterloo and Charing Cross bridges and the

houses of Parliament, done by the impressionist between 1899 and 1904. Through Jan. 8.

JASPER JOHNS: WORK SINCE 1974. Philadelphia Museum of Art. The show that won the grand prize at last summer's Venice Biennale and cemented Johns' status as America's deepest living painter. Through Jan. 8.

GERMAN EXPRESSIONISM 1915-1925. Los Angeles County Museum of Art. A survey of war-weary "second-generation" expressionists forging an avant-garde in search of a new art and a better society. Through Dec. 31.



BOOKS

THE KING OF THE FIELDS by Isaac Bashevis Singer (Farrar Straus Giroux; \$18.95). In his first novel in five years, the Nobel laureate, 84, portrays a remote tribe in a faraway past enduring the shocks of progress and civilization.

SELECTED LETTERS OF EUGENE O'NEILL (Yale University; \$35). He was the first American dramatist to win international acclaim. His private correspondence records his slow disenchantment with the footlights.

ANYTHING FOR BILLY by Larry McMurtry (Simon & Schuster; \$18.95). The author of *Terms of Endearment* offers a horse-opera bouffe about Billy the Kid, showing how a Charles Manson in cowboy boots became a national legend.



TELEVISION

KRISTALLNACHT: THE JOURNEY FROM 1938 TO 1988 (PBS, Nov. 9, 9 p.m. on most stations). A look at the Nazi campaign of terror against Jews begins with the infamous "night of breaking glass."

WAR AND REMEMBRANCE (ABC, Nov. 13-23). Cast of thousands! Cost of millions! Makes *Roots* look like a sapling! This mammoth sequel to *The Winds of War* will spend 30-plus hours—18 now; at least twelve next year—following Navy officer "Pug" Henry (Robert Mitchum) from Pearl Harbor to V-J day.

COMING OF AGE (CBS, Mondays, 8:30 p.m. EST). Despite low ratings last spring, this smart sitcom is getting a well-deserved second chance. Paul Dooley stars as a sour former airline pilot facing the funny—and grim—facts of retirement.



MUSIC

SHOW BOAT (EMI). The classic Mississippi musical jels' keeps rollin' along, here with such stern-wheeling operatic voices as Frederica von Stade and Teresa Stratas. The first recording that is completely faithful to the original Kern-Hammerstein score reveals a raw, powerful, even angry

work. And you thought it was "only make-believe!"

HOLLY KNIGHT (Columbia Records). Big-time pop craftsmanhood by a songwriter who's responsible for several hits (like *Love Is a Battlefield*)—recorded by others.

FRANK ZAPPA: GUITAR (Rykodisc). The thinking man's mother of invention in a double album of riffs that are sure to rile. *In-A-Gadda-Stravinsky*, anyone?

RAGGED BUT RIGHT: GREAT COUNTRY STRING BANDS OF THE 1930's (RCA). Before the rhinestones, country music sounded like this: all heart and no slickum. Gid Tanner and His Skillet Lickers, Wade Mainer... the sounds are as good as the names.



MOVIES

THE LAIR OF THE WHITE WORM. Snaky vampires! Sexy virgins! Fluorescent caskets! Ken Russell's campfire tale may be more camp than fire, but it shows this unabashed mannerist going for baroque in fine form.

SALAAM BOMBAY! An Indian *Oliver Twist* learns the details of slum-life survival in Mira Nair's poignant documentary fable.

THINGS CHANGE. Don Ameche is an aging artisan mistaken for a Mafia boss, and Joe Mantegna the gangland gofer who helps an old man come alive. David Mamet directed and co-wrote this beguiling men's-club anecdote.



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American Scene

Dallas, Texas

Rebuilding a Shattered Team

After a football scandal, S.M.U. is virtuous, upbeat and skimpy

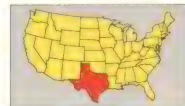
BY RICHARD WOODBURY

Forrest Gregg, the new football coach at Southern Methodist University, is in pain, and not from the foot that he broke trying to move a blocking sled. Gregg is running practice at Ownby Stadium in Dallas this fall afternoon, and everywhere he sees missed blocks, bad tackles, poor passing. For Gregg, fresh from 30 years in the pros, the tableau is as grim as anything he encountered on the offensive line with the Green Bay Packers.

"Stay low," "Move it," "Lift your arms," he rasps in a low monotone. The tackling drill is aptly called "the Nutcracker," because either the lineman or the runner, who must maneuver between two blocking dummies, will be taken down hard. "Oh, come on, come on," the coach yells, as a scrawny running back is pounded. Another brave runner tries, and the smack of pads echoes across the AstroTurf. *Wham! Plap!* He is down. Gregg grimaces and turns away.

The Mustangs move to a scrimmage, but the scene is no prettier, only now it's the defense that falters. "Stay on 'em—push!" he implores the linemen. Gregg hobbles across the field, as if in hopes that guards and tackles will look less like Swiss cheese from the far side. At 6 ft. 4 in., 254 lbs., he is a hulking bear, bigger than nearly all his 70 charges. That is a large part of the problem. The players are underweight and untested. Most are freshmen. At every position, more meat and muscle are urgent. "We need speed and big people," he confirms.

The coach needs a team, but what he has instead is an assemblage of bodies. The problem is serious because S.M.U. plays in



the Southwest Conference, where taking the field against such powerhouses as Texas A. & M. and Arkansas with untested lightweights is almost unthinkable. Gregg and his alma mater are in this fix because last year the N.C.A.A. suspended S.M.U. from play for wrongful payments to players. The revelations of blatant corruption shook the campus to its roots and forced the resignations of athletic director Bob



S.M.U. coach Forrest Gregg has players who study and practice hard, but it will take meat and muscle to beat the Aggies

"We're not talking Rhodes scholars. But you don't see idiots playing for Joe Paterno. You don't see them at Notre Dame."

Hitch and football coach Bobby Collins. (S.M.U.'s president, L. Donald Shields, citing ill health, also left in the midst of the disclosures.) After the unprecedented football "death penalty," nearly every letterman fled the campus. The suspension lasted one season, but the ranks were so depleted by the scandal that the school decided not to compete this year as well.

And so, S.M.U.'s greenhorns are suited up with nothing to do till the fall of '89 except batter one another. The linemen average a bare 225 lbs. The runners lack brawn and speed. "We'll make our men bigger," Gregg vows. He plucks out

would-be wide receivers and sends them off to pump iron, pile on calories and return as linemen. The orders are firm: 15 lbs. here, 20 there. "I need 35 lbs. in the legs," confides guard Steve Benotti. "That's a lot of chicken-fried steak and mashed potatoes."

"As they mature, they'll get better," Gregg says confidently. But there are no Kyle Rotes or Don Merediths in sight here yet. And there may never be, because, along with its punishment, S.M.U. is gulping down a strong dose of preventive medicine. The school has imposed tough standards for jocks, from SAT admission scores (about 900) to monitoring players' academic performance and mandatory disclosure of their finances. The aim is to create "student-athletes"—talented players with the smarts to do well academically. The concept is hardly new, but it is

rare in the conference, and its feasibility at a football palace like S.M.U. remains to be seen. The reformist president, A. Kenneth Pye, is enthusiastic: "We're not talking Rhodes scholars," he says. "But you don't see idiots playing for Joe Paterno. You don't see them at Notre Dame." Pye's new athletic director, Doug Single, is equally fervent, promising "there will be no more majoring in 'staying eligible.' Running a clean program and winning are not incompatible."

Ah, but this is Dallas, and S.M.U., after all, is the house that Doak Walker and Rote helped to build. Now Single even wants to move games out

of big Texas Stadium and back on campus. Why, the Mustangs haven't played at cramped, old Ownby since Doak's crew mopped up Texas Tech in '48.

Faculty members who led the cry for reform are concerned that, after a few dismal seasons, Dallas football nuts may once again slip payoffs to players. "The bottom-line question," asks law-school acting dean Paul Rogers, "is, Can we control the boosters?" Certainly everyone wants the reforms to work. "A school can't live without the alumni," Gregg notes. Old grads are after him, wanting to lend a hand. "Support us, come to our games," he shoos

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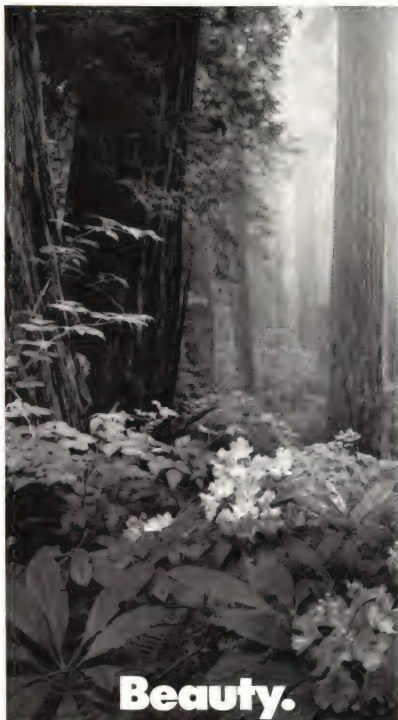
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back. But on this balmy Parents' Weekend, only a few moms and dads are camped in the cracked concrete stands. Their faint applause is barely audible above the passing traffic.

"Another scandal? The chances are slim it could happen here again," declares dentist Warren Randall, eyes fixed on his son Drew, a tackle. "This is history in the making right now." Later, young Randall, between gulps of ice water, agrees: "The problems all went before. We're starting new." Running back Stephen Thomas, a presidential scholar, reflects the new determination. "We can come back. People respect what we're trying to do now," he says. "The legacy of Eric Dickerson and Craig James only has a crack in it. But that will be forgotten."

What's missing in brawn is not lacking in enthusiasm. Like most of the squad, Thomas is a walk-on who just showed up for practice last August, drawn by the rare opportunity to play big-time football. Many are footing S.M.U.'s \$13,200-a-year expenses themselves. "This is one great chance I couldn't pass up," says quarterback Greg Ziegler. There are pragmatic reasons too for getting on with the reborn Mustangs. "It will look good on my résumé," mused a running back. Ziegler figures that "all the pressure of the big competition will help me later in law school."

Unfortunately, liberal arts won't be much use against the Aggies or the Razorbacks. Already the '89 schedule sends shivers. A blood-red banner in the coaches' room heralds the opener against Rice. From there the schedule gets much worse: Texas, Notre Dame, Away, Arkansas. "I'll be happy if we just stay competitive going into the fourth quarter," admits Single. But others worry whether the Mustangs can even get on the board.

Gregg, class of '89, has no illusions. On the green carpet he is a picture of patience, a subject not taught him by Vince Lombardi but one he must practice now. Scrimmage over, he gathers sweating hopefuls about him—a gentle rebuke for the defense, praise for the runners and passers. "Don't ever be lax," he cautions. "Someone can always rise up and beat you. Anything can happen out there on Saturdays—anything."

Trooping to the showers, the talk is of the weekend and not the battles ahead. "Just a couple of wins, and a lot of us will be happy," offers Trey Cowan, a tackle valued most for his critical mass: 310 lbs. Ziegler sees it another way: "We're S.M.U. We're expected to win. So we will." But if that doesn't happen, well, there are things almost as important as the stats. Like just being on the field at Notre Dame. "All that tradition," he says. "You can't help getting pumped up." The final score, he and others hint, will somehow take care of itself. ■

...to the show. In ... some of the more rambunc- celled. And given the large ...

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The packaging of Bush tested whether Reaganesque techniques can work for a contender without the President's charm or clear ideological direction

Nation

TIME/NOVEMBER 14, 1988

Why It Was So Sour

After 18 months of trivial sound bites and empty photo ops, the voters can finally say to the 1988 campaign: good riddance!

BY WALTER SHAPIRO



"It is better to be defeated battling for an honest principle than to win by a cowardly subterfuge."

Those words were President Grover Cleveland's coda after he narrowly lost the 1888 election to Benjamin Harrison on the issue of tariff reform. A century later, it is dismaying to contemplate the na-

tion's march of progress toward the perfection of its democratic institutions. Imagine George Bush or Michael Dukakis having the temerity to claim that his campaign was waged on the battlefield of "honest principle." Or better yet, picture either candidate rising above "cowardly subterfuge."

Such is the sour legacy of 1988, an election year that was to substance what cold pizza is to a balanced breakfast. Think of the words and phrases that 18

months of nonstop electioneering have underlined in the political lexicon: *Monkey Business*, the character issue, attack videos, plagiarism, wimp, handlers, sound bites, flag factories, tank ride, negative spots, the A.C.L.U., Willie Horton and likability. Match them with all the pressing national concerns that were never seriously discussed: from the Japanese economic challenge to the plight of the underclass. As the voters trudge off to the polls with all the enthusiasm of dental pa-



Dukakis ads ridiculed his rival as stage-managed, but the real differences between the two campaigns were mostly in competence, not electoral philosophy

tients, one can almost hear their collective lament: "What has America done as a nation to deserve an election like this?"

Whatever the verdict on Tuesday, whatever the margin of victory, that lingering question has already marred the mantle of legitimacy that would otherwise surround the new President. Nothing, for example, could be more specious than Bush's desperate claims in the waning days of the campaign: "If I win, it will be a mainstream mandate—that's what this election is all about." A mandate represents a covenant between the candidate and his constituency about what he plans to accomplish. But almost all the causes Bush embraced were both negative and irrelevant to the White House; it would be a bizarre ritual, to say the least, if a President Bush solemnly recited the Pledge of Allegiance each time he stepped into the Oval Office. Dukakis' presidential agenda was almost as shadowy. Even as an underdog presumably liberated from crass campaign calculus, he chose sound-bite slogans over a last chance to talk sense to the American people.

As conspicuous as the flaws of Bush and Dukakis may be, it would be a serious mistake to blame the soulless cynicism of

1988 entirely on the character of the two nominees. There are deeper forces at work as well, and understanding them may be the only way to prevent the 1992 race from becoming so ugly that it will even make voters nostalgic for this year's second debate. The collective responsibility for the sour campaign rests with what might be called the Five P's of Poison-Ivy Politics: the public, the process, the packagers, the polls and the press.

THE PUBLIC. From the outset, there were few signs that the nation was breathlessly anticipating this year's campaign. Lulled into passivity by an era of peace and paper-thin prosperity, the voters never displayed much interest in confronting the largely abstract problems, from environmental hazards to the trade deficit, that could threaten America's well-being in the 1990s. When the national mood is I'm-all-right-Jack complacency, it is unrealistic to expect political leaders to play Cassandra. Even public concerns, like crime and drugs, that consistently ranked high in national polls contributed to this air of unreality. Crime has always been a local problem largely beyond a President's purview, while drug usage remains

so embedded in cultural attitudes that it virtually defies political remedies.

Americans are also paying a price for their easy tolerance of negative campaigning in the 1986 elections. Sad to say, irrelevant and inflammatory attack ads work, and they played a major role in helping the Democrats regain control of the Senate.

THE PROCESS. Perhaps the fall campaign alone is indictment enough of the way the nation chooses its presidential nominees. It is somewhat embarrassing to recall that the whole haphazard journey began with the unwarranted media frenzy that surrounded the Iowa caucuses early last February. But it is hard to blame Iowa for Bush and Dukakis: both candidates limped home third. More telling is the sad truth that the contenders in both parties who took the most provocative and sometimes courageous positions—Democrat Bruce Babbitt and Republicans Pete du Pont and Jack Kemp—were among the first casualties. The problem with most suggested reforms, such as more regional primaries, is that they would reward the candidates with the greatest ability to raise campaign funds. And in 1988, that was

Nation

none other than the Gold Dust Twins, Bush and Dukakis.

Perhaps the greatest failing of the current system is that it magnifies the power of ideological true believers in both parties. It can be argued that Bush as the heir to Reagan may have in any case embraced the President's read-my-lips gospel on taxes, but the unyielding fervor of the Vice President's position was shaped by his need to placate the right wing of his party. Similarly, no matter how Dukakis had chosen to position himself on the spectrum, it was probably inevitable that Bush would have gravitated to divisive issues like the Pledge of Allegiance. Still, the overheated liberal atmosphere of Iowa certainly made Bush's task easier, if no more palatable. It was, after all, in Iowa that Dukakis boasted that he was "a card-carrying member" of the A.C.I.U.

THE PACKAGERS. Every campaign is less spontaneous than the last, as the candidates—some eagerly and others grudgingly—submit to the discipline of their handlers. The growing sophistication of such research techniques as focus groups and audience meters enhances the underlying cynicism of modern politics. As on Wall Street, success is measured solely by

the bottom line—never mind such idealistic notions as conducting a dialogue with the electorate.

In early October, Dukakis ran a controversial series of television ads deriding Bush's handlers. But, in truth, the differences between the two campaigns were more those of competence than electoral philosophy. The Dukakis spots, laughs a campaign insider, were mostly "a case of handler envy." The Bush team had a dirty job, and, in a technical sense, they did it well. The Vice President fueled the politics of resentment because his handlers calculated that this was the only way he could appeal to swing voters. "Some voters will go for you because of your positive message," argues Lee Atwater. Bush's unabashed campaign manager. "But most of the swing voters are 'aggrinned'—they tend to vote according to who's on their side against the common enemy."

THE POLLS. When Dukakis recently agreed to a 90-minute interview on ABC's *Nightline*, it was the first forum since the debates that held the potential to add substance to the campaign. But what issue took center stage during Ted Koppel's initial questioning? Dukakis' laggard position in the polls. Columnist Russell Baker

even groped in vain to find a phrase to describe a candidate like Bush who had been anointed President-elect "by our poll-besotted media four weeks before Election Day." Never before have the voters been offered such a barrage of information about the one question they are well equipped to answer on their own: how they feel about two candidates.

Not too long ago, the press covered the horse-race aspects of a presidential campaign by knocking on doors, interviewing local party officials and taking whatever informal soundings it could. Such unscientific methods did not always predict winners, but they often provided readers with some telling impressionistic portraits of the nation. Most of this type of journalism has been replaced by the sophisticated techniques of survey research. Not only do these polls often drain the suspense out of the waning days of a campaign, but they also invariably strip politics of its essential humanity. It is, of course, simplistic to blame polls for the lassitude of the electorate. Still, they do contribute to the football-like ethos that winning is the only thing that matters in politics.

THE PRESS. Television—and the short attention span that it fosters—may be a

Bush's Most Valuable Player

BY JACK E. WHITE



Willie Horton. Black. Murderer. Rapist. Most valuable player in George Bush's no-holds-barred bid for the White House.

Of all the tactics used by Bush's strategists to brand Michael Dukakis a goatey liberal out of touch with mainstream values, none worked better than the relentless pounding of Horton's horrible tale. By the end of the campaign, scarcely a voter had not been exposed to the lurid details of the rapacious spree Horton committed while on weekend furlough from the Massachusetts prison to which he had been sentenced to life without parole for a brutal 1974 homicide.

Like most attack ploys, there was a grain of truth to be exploited: the prison-furlough policy used by Massachusetts went beyond the boundaries of common sense. Unlike other states and the Federal Government, which usually employ furloughs to gradually acclimate prisoners near the end of their sentences to living outside the walls, Massachusetts granted weekend furloughs to convicts whom judges had condemned to remain behind bars until they died. Horton is precisely the sort of criminal that people have in mind when they say someone should lock him up and throw away the key.

It was one of Dukakis' rivals for the Democratic nomina-



The mug shot of the rapist...

tion, Tennessee Senator Al Gore, who first unearthed the furlough policy as a campaign issue. The fact that it was inaugurated by Dukakis' Republican predecessor is irrelevant. As Governor, Dukakis stubbornly resisted attempts to rescind furloughs for first-degree murderers until a drive to ban such leaves through a state referendum gathered steam. By then, the presidential-primary season was under way.

If the Republican assault on Dukakis' furlough policy had stopped with making these valid points, Democrats and blacks would have no just cause for complaint. But the Republican attack did not stop there. Instead, Bush's handlers tapped into the rich lode of white fear and resentment of blacks that the G.O.P. staked out more than 20 years ago, when the party of Lincoln recast itself as the embodiment of the white backlash. It started with Barry Goldwater railing against Earl Warren's Supreme Court and civil rights legislation. Then, as the long hot summers blazed, Richard Nixon courted voters with a "law-and-order" harangue. Ronald Reagan kept it up with his allusions to "welfare queens" and the "strapping young buck" using food stamps to buy a T-bone steak.

The fear of crime is, to be sure, deeply implanted among Americans of all races. No group is more victimized by street thugs than the law-abiding citizens of the ghetto. Doubtless

primary cause of the nation's political malaise. Even with the best of intentions, TV news all too rarely transcends daily snippets of the candidates hurling invective at each other. Bush and Dukakis may have had little to say, but the fast-paced dictates of television routinely edit it down to even less. It is not only the nightly news; no answer in recent presidential debates lasted more than 120 seconds.

The sad truth is that campaign coverage is a burnt-out genre; the old forms are there, but none of the magic. Newspapers are not immune to the banalities of daily candidate coverage in which hyperbolic charges are repeated with little analysis of their inherent distortions. Discussion of the issues is to the press what satire is to the theater: what closes Saturday night. Make no mistake, issue stories are frequently printed with dutiful reverence; the problem is that few of them find a way to make the underlying substance in any presidential choice come alive for readers. Small wonder that most voters will come out of this campaign knowing far more about the candidates' children than about their records on the environment.

WHAT CAN BE DONE. In the months ahead, the op-ed pages are certain to be filled with well-intentioned proposals for

The sad truth is that campaign coverage by the press is a burnt-out genre; the old forms are there, but none of the magic.

reform. On the following page, Congressman Lee Hamilton calls upon the political parties to agree that the 1992 candidates will formally submit to in-depth interviews on a pressing issue each week. New York Governor Mario Cuomo has his own suggestion for a form of marathon press conferences that would establish the candidates' baseline issue positions. In theory, reforms such as mandatory free-wheeling debates could be legislated by Congress as the price for candidates' receiving public financing. One notion might be to cede the debate questioning to a panel of voters instead of journalists;

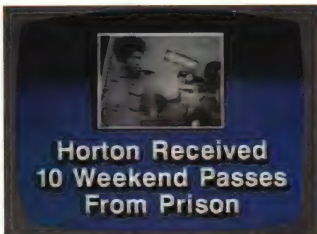
during the primaries, average citizens often posed more provocative queries than jaded political reporters.

But there remains a nearly impenetrable barrier to reform: an incumbent President who almost certainly will be running for re-election in 1992. Beginning with Dwight Eisenhower, almost all incumbents have tried to follow some form of a Rose Garden strategy to avoid giving their lesser-known rivals a free platform. The President's political party is unlikely to agree to any rule changes that cut against his self-interest. And any legislative remedies must somehow surmount the President's veto power.

In short, probably the only way that presidential politics will ever again rise to a higher plane is if there is a real backlash against the type of campaign waged in 1988. Then some smart politician will come along and tap that resentment. He will defy the conventional course of submitting to handlers and instead answer questions that voters find relevant. He will use the novel tactic of laying out what he believes. Fortunately, every established campaign style is eventually challenged by someone who figures out that he can win by rebelling against the system. Keep an eye out for the next guy who tries. —*Reported by Laurence I. Barrett and Dan Goodgame/Washington*

the G.O.P. would have exploited Dukakis' furlough policy if Horton were white. Yet the glee with which Bush's campaign team leaped upon the Horton affair belies its denials that it intended to tweak white prejudices. In Horton, Bush's staff found a potent symbolic twofold: a means by which to appeal to the legitimate issue of crime while simultaneously stirring racial fears.

How else to explain Bush campaign manager Lee Atwater's remark to Republican activists gathered in Atlanta last July? Observing that Jesse Jackson, then pressing his demand to be selected as Dukakis' vice-presidential running mate, had visited Dukakis' home on July 4, Atwater suggested that "maybe he will put this Willie Horton on the ticket after all is said and done." Or the relish with which Bush press secretary Mark Goodin posted a mug shot of Horton on the wall above his desk. Or the ardor with which Bush's media guru Roger Ailes declared, "The only question is whether we depict Willie Horton with a knife in his hand or without it." In the end, the Bush campaign refrained from using Horton's likeness in its campaign spots, leaving an independent political-action committee to saturate the airwaves with the rapist's glaring visage while a



... that Bush refrained from using in his anti-crime TV spots

few state Republican parties stuffed mailboxes with flyers hanging home the same message.

Dukakis, of course, might have spiked the Horton offensive early on by pointing to its racist implications. But the Massachusetts Governor was pursuing his own racially callous strategy, ignoring black supporters in an attempt to reach out to fickle Reagan Democrats, who abandoned their traditional political home at least in part because it is seen as the party of minorities. Only after his suit was rebuffed did Dukakis, in desperation, mend fences

with Jackson, visit black churches and reassure the party's most reliable supporters that he was, after all, "on your side."

In 1964, in his first attempt at elected office as a Senate candidate from Texas, George Bush came out against the civil rights law that desegregated hotels, restaurants and water fountains—a stance he later admitted he regretted. Four years later, as a Congressman, he cast a courageous vote for open housing. In this year's race for the White House, Bush, alas, came closer to the 1964 model, a politician who will do whatever it takes to win an election, even when his instincts tell him it's wrong. ■

How to Do It Better

A respected Congressman suggests an injection of substance

BY LEE HAMILTON



The irony of the 1988 campaign is that while George Bush and Michael Dukakis are both bright and able men, this campaign has been criticized as one of the silliest, least substantive in history. Over the past several weeks my conviction has grown that the way we conduct a presidential campaign is not good enough, and we should set about trying to improve it.

This dissatisfaction may have been partly because no overriding national issues gave focus to the campaign and partly because campaigning on less substantive issues brought success in the polls. Yet the basic problem is that the candidates want to control the process as much as they can. They want to avoid specificity and candor. With very few press conferences, no real debates (in which candidates actually ask each other questions), and mostly highly structured appearances, the candidates try to insulate themselves from detailed, comprehensive discussions of the issues. That format is certainly to their advantage, but not to that of the voters.

Under the current schedule, the nominating conventions are followed by

The writer, an Indiana Democrat, was co-chairman of the Iran-contra committee.



Candidates should address an issue a week

In a major speech, followed by questions.

eleven weeks of largely unstructured campaigning. The candidates' positions on basic issues are presented randomly and with varying degrees of detail, so we do not have opportunities to make meaningful comparisons of their policies.

My suggestion is to add an extra element to the campaign: in each of, say, six to eight weeks, both candidates would be required to address a single major issue. The topics could include, for example, national security, the economy, the environ-

ment and health care. Each week the candidates would give a major statement on the issue and then submit to in-depth questioning by a panel of experts in the area. Instead of using the conventional debate format, which puts too much emphasis on one-liners, superficial answers and images, each candidate would appear alone for a wide-open discussion with extensive follow-up. Each appearance (address plus questioning) would take about an hour, and the candidates could be videotaped simultaneously to avoid giving either the advantage of going second. The two presentations could then be broadcast during that week. The idea is to allow the voters to see how the candidates address the major issues in reasonable juxtaposition.

This procedure would not supplant the other elements of presidential campaigns—the TV debates, the local appearances, the sound bites. Rather, it would add to the campaign another component designed to allow the discerning voter to gauge what policies the candidate would pursue.

To make this change would most likely take an agreement by the parties well in advance of the next election. Strong pressure by the public as well as the media would be needed to get the parties and campaigns to agree. An alternative would be for Congress to require participation as a condition for receiving public funds. Since the taxpayers have provided more than \$90 million altogether for the Bush and Dukakis campaigns, they ought to have the right to take back more control of the campaign process from the candidates and their marketing managers. ■

Grapevine

THE CHILL OF HISTORY. When the White House commissioned Edmund Morris to write Ronald Reagan's biography, the historian was granted unprecedented access to the President and his staff. But Morris has had trouble lately getting into meetings where he once was welcome. Word has reached the White House that the historian has privately criticized the President.

Bush with future snack food



A SLOPPY CAMPAIGN. Landing in St. Louis last week, George Bush was greeted by two dozen reporters and local politicians wearing pig masks. "It's a distinct improvement," remarked the Vice President, whose relations with the porcine world have been troubled since his odd complaint, after a Disneyland rally, that one of the Three Little Pigs was staring at him. The pretenders protested Bush's fa-



Reagan and Morris: Growing cool?

vorite snack: as the candidate strolled away, they were heard to chant, "No more pork rinds! No more pork rinds!"

GOODBYE AND HELLO. Three ethnic leaders who resigned from the Bush campaign last September amid reports of their past membership in pro-Nazi groups still work for an organization tied to the Republican National Committee. The three, who include the founder and executive director of the Republican Heritage Groups Council, continue to be defended by R.N.C. spokeswoman Kathryn Murray, who calls charges against them "concoctions."

NO SALE. Panama's Manuel Antonio Noriega is chuckling at the prospect of Ferdinand Marcos standing trial in the U.S. When the former Philippine President was searching for a suitable place of exile, Noriega offered to sell him Panama's Contadora Island for a trifling \$400 million. The Marcoses "could have easily paid for the island," says a Noriega confidant. "The general always said they were too greedy."



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From Ally to Pariah

Washington looks the other way as the Marcoses are indicted

Like Marie Antoinette approaching the guillotine, Imelda Marcos confronted fate with her head high. Stepping from a stretch limo in lower Manhattan, the former Philippine First Lady stunned the waiting throng with her sheer, low-cut turquoise terno—the national costume in her homeland. Amid pushing photographers and chanting protesters, the elegant attire seemed inappropriate for the occasion: Imelda Marcos was being arraigned, fingerprinted and photographed in federal court.

In a crisp, clear voice, Mrs. Marcos, 59, pleaded not guilty to charges of embezzlement and bank fraud involving the purchase of four Manhattan buildings with \$103 million in Philippine government funds. Imelda's husband and alleged partner in crime, Ferdinand Marcos, did not appear. The deposed President, 71, said he was too ill to leave Honolulu, where the couple has lived since 1986. Eight other defendants accused in the scam, including Saudi arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi, are abroad. If the Marcoses are found guilty of the main charges, they could face up to 20 years in prison.

The unusual dress, Imelda said later, was meant to show that she is a "Philippine patriot." It was also an implicit suggestion that she and her husband, long-time friends of the U.S., are now being persecuted by the government that agreed to give them asylum. The message was underscored by tobacco heiress Doris Duke, who stepped forward to post Mrs. Marcos' \$5 million bail after Imelda's



Ignoring protesters, the stylish "patriot" enters federal court

An implicit reminder of past loyalty to the U.S.

lawyers contended that the Marcoses had been living on "borrowed funds" since the Reagan Administration persuaded them to leave the Philippines. Why, Duke asked, "should America spend millions and millions of dollars prosecuting two people who for a generation have been our closest allies?"

That question was debated in Washington last summer, when the Reagan Administration learned that U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani was seeking to indict the Marcoses. State Department legal adviser Abraham Sofaer argued that pro-

secuting the Marcoses would make it more difficult to offer protective deals to other foreign leaders who have been helpful to the U.S. Earlier this year, the Reagan Administration offered to drop two federal drug indictments brought against Manuel Noriega in Florida if he would leave Panama. Now, says a Noriega confidant, the drug-running general "is telling everybody that this shows he was smart not to go for it."

Marcos might also have expected immunity under a diplomatic convention that normally protects a foreign head of state from prosecution in a U.S. court. The charges against him, however, are based not on actions he took in his official capacity but on steps he took to enhance his personal wealth. More important, the Justice Department argued, the Marcoses were being indicted because they plotted with Khashoggi and others to fraudulently conceal their illicit activities after they became U.S. residents. "There was no asylum agreement that Marcos could be just as big a crook in this country as he was in [the Philippines]," says Loye Miller, spokeswoman for Attorney General Richard Thornburgh. "If he had been a good boy after he got to the U.S., he would not have the problems he has today."

On the eve of the indictment, Marcos sent an emotional letter to the President, asking him to call off the prosecutors. "Reagan has known Marcos personally," said a White House aide. "There's a lot of sentiment there. But he didn't want to let personal feelings overrule in this case." After an evening consultation with Thornburgh and other advisers, the President wrote back to Marcos to say he would not intervene.

—By Jacob V. Lumar.

Reported by Raji Sanghachak/New York and Nancy Traver/Washington

THE CHARGES:

Between 1981 and 1983 Marcos transferred to the U.S. \$103 million stolen from the Philippine government.

Hiding behind shell companies, the Marcoses and co-conspirators used the money to buy four Manhattan buildings.



Crown Building



Herald Center



40 Wall St.



200 Madison Ave.

From 1983 to 1988 the Marcoses fraudulently borrowed \$165 million from U.S. banks to complete the purchases and refinance the properties.



When a New York court moved to freeze the properties in 1986, Khashoggi presented forged documents indicating they were his.



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3. Power Steering
4. Electronic AM/FM Stereo Radio
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6. Tinted Glass
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9. Rear Window Defroster
10. Light Group
11. Instrumentation Group
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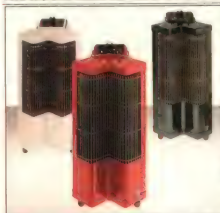


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American Notes

GEORGIA

The Sorrows of Cobb County

A twelve-year-old boy hangs himself after being punished at school. A 16-year-old shoots himself while visiting a friend. Another boy takes his own life with a borrowed .357 Magnum.

The series of deaths in the booming suburbs of Cobb County, just north of Atlanta, are part of a "suicide cluster," an affliction that has inexplicably visited half a dozen U.S. communities in this decade. The Centers for Disease Con-

trol began a detailed study of the county last summer after the suicide rate there was found to be 33% higher than the national average. The county (pop. 400,000) has already suffered 51 suicides this year, including six teen deaths, and expects to hit a record 70 suicides by December. Authorities speculate that the root cause may be explosive growth. "Fifteen years ago Cobb County was rural pastureland," says Dirk Huttenbach, a psychiatrist for adolescents. "Anytime you have greater instability and less tradition, you're going to have this sort of turmoil."



■ Counseling teens at the Ridgeview Institute in Smyrna, Ga.



Is the training too harsh?

THE NAVY

The Case of Lieut. Dolphin

"The Navy may mistreat people," joked an officer last week, "but never dolphins." He was trying to defuse charges by Rick Trout, a former trainer at the Naval Ocean Systems Command in San Diego, that sea mammals in a classified Navy program had been beaten or starved during training, and that two had died as a result of abuse. The Marine Mammal Commission, announced that it will investigate.

The charges focused new attention on the Navy's longstanding use of dolphins. There are now 115 "in uniform," who serve in recovering torpedoes and locating hostile frogmen in waters ranging from the Persian Gulf to the Trident submarine port in Puget Sound, Wash.

FBI

Trouble on the "Taco Circuit"

The FBI's sorry record in race relations was reaffirmed in September when a federal court in El Paso found that the bureau had systematically assigned Hispanic agents to low-level duties known as the "taco circuit." The court warned that it might impose reforms on the agency's promotions system. Now FBI supervisors may be making matters worse: lawyers for 20 of the 311 agents involved in the suit went to court last week to charge that a number of those involved in the case had been removed from their duties or harassed in other ways.

Bernardo Perez, now assis-

tant head of the FBI's El Paso office, accused his superior of vowing to "get those" who testified in the lawsuit. Last week's filing, which also requests a court order barring further retaliation, says agents have been warned by superiors not to discuss the case with the press. It charges that the head of the bureau's Los Angeles office has asked FBI investigators to analyze the October issue of *California* magazine for possible administrative action against three agents who provided information—including Perez, who appears on the cover.

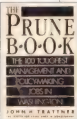
Says a spokesman for FBI Director William Sessions: "Any intimidation or retaliation would be both illegal and intolerable and would result in an FBI inquiry."

GOVERNMENT

Washington's Worst Jobs

Politics and patronage go hand in hand, but some presidential appointments in the next administration may be hard to fill. The nonpartisan Center for Excellence in Government catalogs them in *The Prune Book*, a just released guide to 116 of the toughest jobs in the capital. Some examples: a former Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs admits that sometimes "stamina was more important than intelligence" in keeping pace with the travel and social demands of his post. At the Office of Management and Budget, the challenge is "not to cave" in to demands for money. Says a former OMB associate director: "A lot of people are not willing to be unpopular."

The directory, a takeoff on the traditional "plum book" of political patronage, has a serious purpose to stress "the consequences of failure to perform effectively" in sub-Cabinet Government offices. Explains former State Department spokesman John Trattner, who wrote the book: "A prune is a plum with experience."



■ Agent Perez and his lawyers at the U.S. courthouse in El Paso

● ISRAEL

A Move to The Right

The election was a dead heat, but Likud is poised to get its way

"It was a struggle between the fools and the impetuous in this campaign. The fools have won."

—Labor Party campaign manager Ezer Weizman

Foreign Minister Shimon Peres sat expressionless in his hotel suite in Tel Aviv on election night as an aide handed him the first predictions. The figures showed Peres' left-of-center Labor Party virtually deadlocked with the right-wing Likud bloc. The small parties of right and left were racking up votes and gaining the balance of power. Peres slumped in his chair. If the trend held, his dream of an international peace conference and territorial compromise with the Palestinians in the occupied territories was doomed—and his own political future uncertain.

Less than a mile away at Likud headquarters, the party faithful watched the vote count click toward 40 and then stall. The party of Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir was not even close to the 61 needed to form a majority government in the 120-seat Knesset. Once again a divided electorate had voted Israel into political stalemate. Likud leaders began feverishly calculating potential coalitions. Declared a Likud activist "My God, the rabbis have won!"

When the final results were in, no one was surprised that Likud had taken just 40 Knesset seats to Labor's 39. Broader gauged, Likud and its allies on the right had elected 47 deputies, in contrast to the 50 won by Labor and its possible partners on the left. The real sur-

prise winners were the four religious parties. Increasing their parliamentary representation from twelve to 18 seats, they won the deciding voice in who would run Israel for the next four years. They are most likely to team up with Likud, but only after demanding an extremely high price for their cooperation.

The ambiguous outcome of the election dismayed those in Israel and elsewhere who had hoped for clear direction. Most bitter were those who advocate a negotiated settlement for the land and the 1.7 million Arabs of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, occupied by Israel since 1967. Under the probable government lineup, the prospect was for continued Arab-Israeli confrontation and greater repression in the territories. Arabs braced for a harder line by Jerusalem. A "fatal blow to peace," said a P.L.O. statement. "We expect more harshness, hatred and terrorism."

The Reagan Administration, which



Frenzied bargaining after the "night of the rabbis":

had tacitly supported Peres and his plans for Arab-Israeli negotiations, kept its dismay to itself and promised to work with whatever government emerges. Reagan's successor will find it all the harder to nudge the region toward peace talks. American Jews were concerned that a right-wing Israel, markedly more religious and militantly nationalistic than before, would alienate or at least upset U.S. supporters already dismayed by Israel's handling of the *intifadah*.

Even as the votes were being counted, both Likud and Labor began a courtship of the religious parties. During the "night of the rabbis," one religious party leader after another took center stage to air demands. "We will keep all our options open," declared Rabbi Yitzhak Peretz, whose ultra-Orthodox Shas Party will send six deputies to the Knesset.

It quickly appeared that Labor would be unable to outbid Likud. The morning after the election, Shamir announced his willingness to amend the Law of Return, which grants all Jewish immigrants immediate Israeli citizenship. For years the religious parties have sought to redefine "who is a Jew" by recognizing only those born to a Jewish mother or converted to Judaism by an Or-



Mourners at the single coffin of Rachel Weiss and her three children

A series of terrorist incidents worked to the Likud's advantage.



a jubilant Shamir meets with the Orthodox leaders of Agudat Yisrael

WHAT PRICE GLORY?

Yitzhak Shamir needs at least 21 more Knesset seats to fashion a ruling coalition without Labor. He will have to buy them with stiff concessions in policy and positions. Here's the price.

Four religious parties hold 18 seats. Three of them are largely uninterested in territorial and political matters, but all four will join a Likud coalition if Shamir gives in to many of their religious demands:

- Passage of "Who is a Jew" amendment to the Law of Return, which would recognize only Orthodox converts.
- Massive funding for religious schools.
- Enactment of strict Sabbath laws to ban all public entertainment, transportation and commercial transactions.
- Control of the ministries of Interior, Education, Religion, Labor and Housing.
- No elimination of military exemptions that currently allow 17,000 yeshiva students to avoid army service.
- No electoral reforms to reduce the clout of small parties.

Three extreme-right secular parties control seven seats. They will likely join Shamir even if he refuses to adopt their primary political agendas:

- **Moladet (Homeland)**, two seats, wants "transfer" or expulsion of Palestinians from the occupied territories.
- **Tehiya (Revival)**, three seats, wants formal annexation of the territories.
- **Tzomet (Crossroads)**, two seats, wants to deny most Israeli Arabs the right to vote.

thodox rabbi. The proposal to disregard all other conversions has particularly upset U.S. Jews, most of whom identify themselves with the Conservative and Reform branches of Judaism.

Peres adamantly opposes any change in the Law of Return, but the religious parties have a great deal more on their wish lists that troubles Labor. They seek to bring a far greater degree of religious observance to the largely secular state, and they want to ensure their hold on power by resisting any changes in the complex electoral laws that now favor them.

Both Shamir and Peres defined the key election issues as peace and the Palestinian question. But once the votes were tallied, Israelis found themselves plunged into debate over the religious orientation of their state. Observed Hebrew University professor Ehud Sprinzak: "Most of the results have nothing to do with peace and security problems, but with a new sort of configuration inside Israel. The people are going back to God." Said Avraham Burg, a new Labor Deputy: "The results reflect a protest against the major blocs. The religious element is crystallizing into a third bloc, which will determine who will run Israel."

That third bloc could materialize because Israel's cumbersome proportional-representation system allocates disproportionate political power to small parties—a mere 1% of the popular vote, roughly 20,000 ballots, can yield a Knesset seat. Once again the system prevented the country from electing a strong, united

government. As Gad Ya'acobi, a Laborite and Minister of Economics and Planning, noted, "We have institutionalized the tyranny of the minority." To put together a slim majority, Shamir will have to accommodate not only the four religious parties but also three extreme-right secular factions whose platforms all advocate annexing the occupied territories.

If Shamir finds the price too steep, he might possibly offer Labor a junior partnership in a rejiggered grand coalition. Many Labor leaders want no part of such a deal, but neither are they willing to seek a lesser coalition with the small parties. Declared Energy Minister Moshe Shahal: "It would be better to spend some time in opposition than yield to ultra-religious and ultra-nationalist demands." For Shimon Peres, either choice would be humiliating. After three campaigns in which he failed to deliver a Labor victory, pressure is growing on him to step aside as party leader. For now he is saved by the lack of a credible alternative.

Shamir will probably accede to a right-wing coalition whose policies reflect more extreme views than those presented by the last government. Israelis can expect a tough line on the occupied territories. Driven by a vision of a Greater Israel, Shamir has vowed never to relinquish an inch of Biblical Judea and Samaria. But he has always stopped short of going along with more extreme demands for annexation. Instead he now embraces the Camp David formula he rejected in 1978,

which would grant the Palestinians a semblance of autonomy. That concession sounds to most Arabs like little more than the right to collect their own garbage.

How Shamir would quell the *intifadeh*, which has taken the lives of more than 300 Palestinians and seven Israelis since December 1987, remains uncertain. He might push autonomy in an attempt to disarm the rebellion but forestall any grander political or territorial concessions. If nothing else worked, he might reverse his previous opposition and adopt a strategy proposed by Ariel Sharon, one of the hawks in his party. The Sharon scheme calls for Israel to incorporate unilaterally the Jewish settlement areas in the territories as well as land deemed necessary for security. Then it would withdraw its military forces from the remaining Arab-populated areas. These actions, Sharon argues, would safeguard Israel's military interests while granting some form of autonomy to 95% of the Palestinians living in the territories.

The choice of personalities for Cabinet portfolios, specifically the Defense Ministry, may signal Shamir's intent. Vying for the post are two hard-line former holders of the post: Sharon, 60, who has criticized his own party for failing to take a tougher stand toward the Palestinians, and Moshe Arens, 62, a former Ambassador to the U.S.

The appointment of either would be considered bad news by the Palestinian Arabs, who fear an even harsher crackdown against the *intifadeh*. Aside from fa-

World

voring more arrests and deportations, reliable sources say, both men will propose to close the Jabalia refugee camp in Gaza, a hotbed of unrest, and disperse its 60,000 residents throughout the Strip in newly built housing. They would also push for legislation denying Palestinians in the occupied territories the right to appeal to the Israeli High Court of Justice.

It may well have been the single-mindedness of Likud's campaign that helped carry the day. Labor talked vaguely about negotiating peace; Likud emphasized holding on to the territories. During one campaign trip this fall, 8,000 of the party faithful were bused to the Arab city of Nablus. There, standing before Joseph's tomb, Binyamin Begin, the son of former Prime Minister Menachem Begin and a rising star on the right, told the cheering crowd, "We will be here for eternity."

Peres ran on a platform of gambling land for peace: "If you give me the chance, I can start negotiations, and the whole picture in the Middle East can change." He pinned his star to his long-standing plan for peace talks with Jordan and a Palestinian delegation under international auspices. That proposal suffered

a critical blow last July when King Hussein severed all of Jordan's ties to the West Bank.

The *intifadah* also worked to Likud's advantage. Two days before the election, three Molotov cocktails struck a Jerusa-



Peres: his dream doomed, his future uncertain

lem-bound bus on the outskirts of the West Bank town of Jericho; a young Israeli woman, Rachel Weiss, and her three children died in the blaze, and their funeral galvanized voter sympathies. On election day a similar bomb struck a car in Arab East Jerusalem, injuring three Israelis on their way to vote. The bumper of their car bore a Likud campaign sticker.

Arab observers are convinced they face a bleak future. "There is an upsurge of religious fundamentalism in Israel," contends Hanna Siniora, editor of the newspaper *al-Fajr* in East Jerusalem and a P.L.O. supporter. "The Israeli government will try to apply harsher measures, and these will backfire, as they did in the past."

A shift to the right in Israel is already in train, and there is a certain inevitability to the course. A bold stroke that changes the progression is always possible, but none seems to be in prospect. By producing a deadlock between the two political blocs, Israel's voters have left their country divided—and the Middle East in lockstep toward further confrontation.

—By William E. Smith
Reported by Ron Ben-Yishai and Jon D. Hall/Tel Aviv and Robert Slater/Jerusalem

A Special Relationship in Danger

BY STROBE TALBOTT WASHINGTON

Individuals have friends; nations have special relationships. The term is as close as the cool and stilted vocabulary of political science comes to sentimentality. It refers to a handful of international ties that depend on some combination of cultural kinship, geopolitical advantage, mutual defense and, above all, shared values and ideals.

Americans can take pride in their nation's friendships. Britain is not just a former colonial motherland but also the home of a certain strain of civility that Americans admire. Canada is more than just a giant neighbor; it is also a good neighbor, and its hardiness appeals to America's nostalgia for its own frontier days. Japan's emergence as an economic superpower is more than just a testament to the U.S.'s benevolence as a victor in war and a partner in peace; it is the result of hard work, ingenuity and entrepreneurship, qualities that Americans esteem.

Not incidentally, Britain, Canada and Japan are all ruled by their own people. The Philippines, a former U.S. colony and longtime beneficiary of American goodwill, was consigned, informally at least, to a kind of probationary status during Ferdinand Marcos' dictatorship; the "People Power" revolution and the triumph of Corason Aquino, however flawed and fragile, have been a reminder that democracy is a *sine qua non* for a special relationship with the U.S.

How ironic, then, that the workings of democracy in Israel last week should jeopardize what has for 40 years been the most extraordinary and at the same time the most problematic of all the U.S.'s special relationships.

A Likud government would be committed to a goal to

which the U.S. is, and should be, opposed: permanent occupation of the Gaza Strip and the West Bank of the Jordan River, which Israel seized in 1967.

Modern Israel was born in 1948 as a result of a territorial compromise, the partition of historical Palestine between Jews and Arabs. Yitzhak Shamir was one of a minority of Zionist extremists who refused to accept the compromise and have always believed that the West Bank should be part of the Jewish state of Israel.

Now the defiance and revanchism of what was once a fringe faction of Israeli politics may become the official policy of the Israeli government. That could render impossible what was already immensely difficult: an updating of the original territorial compromise to accommodate Israel's legitimate security needs while preserving the principle that Palestinians are entitled to live under Arab rule.

The Likud is determined to solidify Israeli control over some 1.7 million mostly Muslim Arabs. The Palestinians would continue to be governed by authorities they understandably regard as occupiers and oppressors. Democratic rule of second-class citizens is a contradiction in terms.

That circumstance has been barely tolerable to many Israelis (and many friends of Israel in the U.S. and elsewhere) under conditions they conceded were undesirable and hoped would be temporary. But Shamir is saying Israel's claim to the West Bank is unending and historically just. That is why the outcome of last week's election may pose not only a huge obstacle to diplomacy but also a threat to the political and humanitarian values that Israel and the U.S. have long shared—and therefore to the essence of a very special relationship. ■

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Scarred by gunfire: Male's gold-domed mosque during a festival in happier times

MALDIVIAN ISLANDS

Heading Them Off at the Atoll

Indian troops repel an invasion force of foreign mercenaries

The prospect of a military invasion of the Republic of Maldives would seem to be almost as remote as the Indian Ocean archipelago itself. A collection of some 1,200 coral islands that together make up only 115 sq. mi. of land, the country lies several hundred miles southwest of India and Sri Lanka. Its 195,000 citizens, most of them Sunni Muslims, earn their living largely from fishing and tourism. Possession of guns is outlawed, except for the fewer than 2,000 lightly armed members of the National Security Service, and violence is virtually unknown. Yet last week the capital island of Male (pronounced *Mah-lay*) was invaded, briefly but brutally, in an unsuccessful coup attempt carried out by foreign mercenaries.

The raiders, who numbered only about 60, struck before dawn on Thursday, landing aboard speedboats from a small freighter moored offshore. Armed with rocket launchers, mortars and automatic rifles, they quickly seized almost total control of the 370-acre coral atoll, firing at civilians who came out of their homes to investigate. Many of the island's most prominent buildings, including its gold-domed mosque, were severely scarred by hours of gunfire.

The apparent target was President Maumoon Abdul Gayoom, 50, member of a well-known Maldivian family who was re-elected in September to a third five-year term. The rebels literally had the government on the run: Gayoom and several Cabinet members fled from house to house to avoid capture during the 18-hour invasion.

Nearly all the invaders were believed to be former Tamil separatist guerrillas from Sri Lanka, apparently in the pay of Maldivian elements hostile to Gayoom. The President issued pleas for military intervention from India and the U.S. as well as Britain, which held Maldives as a protectorate from 1887 until 1965. Following an emergency Cabinet meeting, Indian Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi dispatched some 1,600 troops to restore order in Male and commanded navy warships to head toward Maldivian waters. Paratroopers arrived less than twelve hours later, landing aboard two Soviet-built IL-76 transport aircraft at the national airport on Hulule, a few hundred yards off Male. Within minutes the

mercenaries began racing back to their mother ship. On Sunday the mercenaries surrendered after an Indian frigate fired on the freighter.

The invaders left at least 30 dead, most of them civilians, and nearly 100 injured. According to Foreign Minister Fathulla Jameel, several eyewitnesses identified as the leader of the band a once prominent Maldivian businessman named Abdulla Lutefi, who currently operates a farm near the Sri Lankan capital of Colombo. Several years ago, Lutefi was arrested for entering Maldives with a firearm, apparently in an attempt to overthrow Ibrahim Nasir, Gayoom's predecessor as President. Both Sri Lankan and Maldivian authorities suspect that Lutefi may have hired the Tamil mercenaries, many of whom have become increasingly inactive since India sent army troops to Sri Lanka to quell the separatist movement in 1987.

Gandhi intended India's quick response to underscore New Delhi's growing military role in southern Asia. He may have the chance to make the point again. Domestic dissatisfaction with the Gayoom regime, which does not allow opposition, is substantial, and Maldives may attract other visitors with open to their mind than scuba diving.

—By William R. Doerner,

Reported by Ross H. Murrow/Male

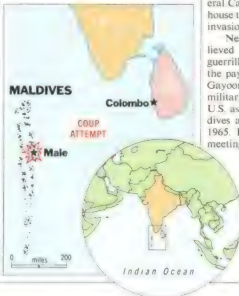
AFGHANISTAN

Reversing Gears

The Soviets threaten to halt their pullout

In downtown Kabul last week, a unit of Soviet and Afghan troops paraded through the streets towing a fresh supply of SS-1 Scud missiles. Elsewhere in Afghanistan the Soviets also deployed 30 MiG-27 attack aircraft and began striking at *mujahedin* fighters with Backfire bombers. Why the sudden buildup? In Moscow First Deputy Foreign Minister Alexander Bessmertnykh announced that the Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan "is being suspended" because of new attacks by *mujahedin* rebels. Blaming the U.S. and Pakistan for continuing to give arms to the guerrillas, he hinted that the original pullout deadline of Feb. 15 may not be met.

The State Department charged that the buildup called into question Moscow's commitment to a "genuine political settlement." The fact is, neither superpower has halted military aid to its ally in the Afghan conflict. Now the Soviets want to buy time for President Najibullah's government, which seems to be losing the war. The Soviet pullout will likely resume, but if Soviet combat aircraft remain in the skies, the *mujahedin* will have to postpone victory celebrations.



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My Father Nikita's Downfall

In an intimate and gripping tale of Kremlin intrigue that might give pause to Mikhail Gorbachev, Sergei Nikitovich Khrushchev tells for the first time the behind-the-scenes story of his father's ouster

On Oct. 15, 1964, the world heard the shocking news: Nikita Sergeevich Khrushchev had been removed as leader of the Soviet Union. Weeks earlier his son Sergei, then 29 and an engineer working on a rocket project, had been told by a former KGB guard about the plot, but Nikita initially dismissed the story as nonsense. As the days slipped by and the intrigue grew, the senior Khrushchev realized that his son was right. But it was too late. After more than a decade as one of the globe's two most powerful leaders, Khrushchev became a nonperson overnight. He died in 1971.

In the months after Khrushchev's ouster, Sergei began to record impressions of his father's last days in the Kremlin so that, as he puts it, the story "would not be lost to history." Last July, after Mikhail Gorbachev praised Khrushchev and the Soviet press began to rehabilitate the former leader's reputation, the editors of *Time* encouraged Sergei to write about his father. In October the first of four installments appeared in the Soviet weekly *Ogonyok*.

Sergei, now 53, lives with his second wife Valentina in a Moscow apartment building that is reserved for the elite.

Transferred from his high-security job in 1968, Sergei serves as a deputy director of a scientific institute. Sergei insists that he wanted his story to be published not to glorify his father but to correct the "fabrications" that have appeared. "Many people may find it hard to believe," he says, "but Nikita Sergeevich was a very trusting man, sincere almost to the point of naiveté."

The younger Khrushchev's story not only sheds light on one of the century's great palace intrigues but also points up circumstantial parallels that may be viewed as cautionary by Gorbachev. Like Gorbachev, Khrushchev was a larger-than-life figure who, in attempting reforms that pale beside those being tried today but were radical for their time, made powerful enemies within the collective Soviet leadership. Sergei's tale is also a parable of treachery. Even Anastas Mikoyan, then Soviet President and a putative Khrushchev ally, comes off as a bet hedger who bows to pressure from a web of plotters that includes Presidium (now called Politburo) members Leonid Brezhnev, Nikolai Podgorny and Mikhail Suslov, Deputy Premier Alexander Shelepin and KGB chief Vladimir Semichastny.



From the family album: Sergei with his father shortly before his death

One evening in early September, the special government phone rang. That surprised me. Everyone knew my father was not in Moscow. I heard an unfamiliar voice.

"May I speak to Nikita Sergeevich?"

"He's not in Moscow."

"To whom am I speaking?" I could hear the disappointment in the voice on the other end.

"This is his son."

"How do you do, Sergei Nikitovich. This is Vasily Ivanovich Galyukov. I'm the former chief of security for Nikolai Grigoriyevich Ignatov [President of the Russian Republic]. I've been trying to reach Nikita Sergeevich all summer. I have to tell him something very important."

I was all the more surprised. What could Ignatov's former chief of security have to tell Khrushchev? "Please, hear me out," said Galyukov hurriedly. "I happen to know that there is a plot against Nikita Sergeevich. I wanted to tell him about it personally. There are many people involved."

I thought the man must be insane. What kind of plot could there be nowadays? It was nonsense.

"Vasily Ivanovich," I said, "you'd better call Semichastny at the KGB. They'll take care of everything."

"I can't go to Semichastny. He's an active participant in the plot, along with Shelepin, Podgorny and others. I wanted to tell all this personally to Nikita Sergeevich. He's in great danger."

"Call back in a few days. He'll be back soon."

"I may not be able to do that. It was only by chance that I got access to this special phone and managed to be alone in the room. Perhaps you can listen to what I have to say and then tell Nikita Sergeevich about our conversation."

I didn't know what to do. If he was crazy, he would torment me with groundless suspicions. But what if he wasn't crazy? Maybe I'd better meet him and find out. "All right. Give me your address. I'll come this evening and you can tell me everything."

"No, no! It's dangerous to talk there. Do you know the Central Committee apartment building on Kutuzovskiy Prospekt? Tell me what your car looks like, and I'll be waiting for you."

"I have a black car—license 02-32. I'll be there in half an hour."

Sergei and Galyukov drove to the woods outside Moscow. Galyukov explained how he had overheard several of Ignatov's telephone conversations with Brezhnev and Podgorny. Though Galyukov had caught only snatches, he was convinced they planned to oust Khrushchev before November.

World

We'd been walking for almost two hours. As we were saying goodbye, Galyukov said, "Sergei Nikitovich, call me only in an emergency, and don't say anything on the phone beyond arranging a meeting. My telephone is bugged—I'm sure of it."

All this was not just unusual but scary and unreal. On the way back into town, Galyukov and I were relieved to see that there was no one tailing us. How naive we were. His fear that his own phone was bugged was only part of the truth. The lines into Khrushchev's apartment were also bugged, so my meeting with Vasily Ivanovich was traced from the first step to the last.

When Father returned to Moscow, I was hesitant about telling him everything I had heard. What if all this was just an invention of a stranger who was talking nonsense about members of the top leadership—many of whom I had known since my childhood in Kiev and had many times been to our home? "You know," I began, "something unusual happened while you were away. It may be nonsense, but I can't keep it to myself."

Father heard me out without saying anything. When I finished, he said, "You've done the right thing to tell me. Tell me again, who did that man mention by name?"

"Ignatov, Podgorniy, Brezhnev, Shelepin."

Father thought for a moment. "No, that can't be. Brezhnev, Podgorniy, Shelepin—they're completely different people. Ignatov—that's possible. But what can he have in common with the others?"

The next day, when Father returned from the Kremlin, he started right in: "It looks like there's nothing to what you said. Mikoyan, Podgorniy and I were coming out of the Council of Ministers, and I told them what you'd said. Podgorniy simply laughed it off.

'How could you even think such a thing, Nikita Sergeyevich?' But just in case, I asked Mikoyan to meet with this man [Galyukov]."

I was very upset. It was one thing for Mikoyan to be put in charge of the investigation, but how could this be set in motion so casually—and in the presence of Podgorniy, who after all was one of those mentioned as part of the plot?

A few days later, Mikoyan summoned Sergei and Galyukov to his apartment, where he greeted them coolly and ordered Sergei to take notes. Galyukov recounted his tale, adding that over the previous few days Ignatov had grown agitated because Khrushchev had not left yet for his vacation in the Crimean resort of Pitsunda. Galyukov's conclusion: the plot would begin in earnest while Khrushchev was away.

A heavy silence had fallen over the room. Mikoyan sat there thinking as though we weren't even there. Finally he turned to us. "Everything you've said is very important. You've shown yourself to be a genuine Communist... I want only to say that we also know Nikolai Viktorovich Podgorniy, Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev, Alexander Nikolayevich Shelepin and other comrades as honest Communists who without even a shred of doubt have devoted all their strength to the good of our people, to the good of the Communist Party, and we continue to regard them as our comrades in arms in the common struggle." Seeing that I had put



Bet-hedging putative ally: touring East Germany by train with Mikoyan

down my pen, Mikoyan snapped, "Take down what I just said!"

Galyukov in bewilderment looked at Mikoyan. There was fear in his eyes. Turning to me, Mikoyan concluded, "Write up your notes from this conversation and send it to me. I'm leaving for Pitsunda. You can bring the report there. Don't show it to anyone—not to a single person. I will tell Nikita Sergeyevich about all of this, and we'll decide what to do."

The next morning, when I reached the last page of the report, I decided to omit Mikoyan's final declaration since it didn't fit with the overall tone. And then I went off on vacation. An hour or two after I got to my father's dacha, we went by Mikoyan's house to pick him up.

"I brought the report, Anastas Ivanovich," I said. "What should I do?" My father responded for Mikoyan: "When we get back, you give it to Anastas." Only much later did I figure out the cause of Father's attitude. He did not want to believe that such a thing could happen. These people who were accused had been friends of his for decades. If he couldn't trust them, whom could he trust? Besides, he was infinitely tired and had neither the strength nor the desire to get into a struggle for power.

I gave the report to Mikoyan. Later that night he asked me to come see him. In his bedroom he opened a wardrobe and, kneeling down, pulled out my report from under a big pile of clothes. "Everything's written down here correctly," he said. "Only add at the end my words about how we have complete confidence in, and no doubts whatsoever about, the honesty of Comrades Podgorniy, Brezhnev and the others, and that we don't

accept the idea that any sort of separatist action on their part is possible. Sit down and write that."

He watched me write it out. When I finished, he said, "Now put your signature on it."

I was astonished. "Why? This isn't an official document."

"It's better this way. After all, you're the one who took the notes." I signed. Mikoyan hid the folder under a pile of shirts. Catching my look of bewilderment, he explained, "Here it will be better preserved. Besides, this man of yours probably invented a lot of that stuff."

On the morning of Oct. 12, the spacecraft *Voskhod* with a crew of three had been launched into orbit. Father knew the time of the launch, and he kept looking at his pocket watch. Finally he said, "They've launched already." He looked toward the telephones but they were silent. Usually everybody wanted to be the first to call

"Hear me out. I happen to know that there is a plot against Nikita Sergeyevich."

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BRIT CLAY

JULY 1



BETA CAROTENE AND CANCER. A PROGRESS REPORT.

For several years, both the National Cancer Institute and the American Cancer Society have been recommending diets that include foods rich in Beta Carotene.

Why? Because population studies have indicated a clear association between diets high in Beta Carotene rich foods and a lower incidence of certain forms of cancer. A similar association based on actual measurements of Beta Carotene levels in the blood has also been shown in several studies, including a recent one conducted at Johns Hopkins University.*

Based on increasing evidence from these studies and numerous other research findings, the National Cancer Institute is currently sponsoring 14 long-term, large scale studies which include Beta Carotene as a possible cancer inhibitor.

These studies, involving cancers of the lung, colon, skin and esophagus, are being conducted around the world: in America, in Europe, in China, and in Africa. They are measuring the effects of Beta Carotene in dietary supplement form. The supplements given in a number of the studies combine Beta Carotene with other nutrients.

Data from this research should begin to appear in the next few years. While the scientific community continues its research in this vital health area, you should consider carefully the recommendations of the major cancer prevention authorities, including, of course, not smoking and having regular check-ups.

NCI CANCER PREVENTION TRIALS USING BETA CAROTENE

<u>LOCATION</u>	<u>CANCER</u>	<u>STUDY GROUP</u>
1. Boston	All	Physicians
2. Finland	Lung	Smokers
3. Seattle	Lung	Smokers
4. Pittsburgh	Lung	Smokers
5. Seattle	Lung	Asbestos
6. Tyler, TX	Lung	Asbestos
7. China	Lung	Tin Miners
8. Hanover, NH	Colon	Polyps
9. Chicago	Colon	Polyps
10. China	Esophagus	Dysplasia
11. China	Esophagus	General Population
12. Tanzania	Skin	Albino
13. Hanover, NH	Skin	Previous Skin Cancer
14. New York City	Skin	Previous Skin Cancer

*"Serum Beta Carotene, Vitamins A and E, Selenium and Risk of Lung Cancer"
New England Journal of Medicine, November 13, 1986

World

with the good news. But this time the phones were silent.

Father busied himself with his papers, but he couldn't concentrate. Half an hour, 40 minutes passed. I felt uneasy. It was as though everyone had forgotten about Khrushchev. Similar thoughts were apparently troubling my father. "Connect me with Smirnov [his aide of 30 years]," he ordered.

The call went right through. "Comrade Smirnov, why haven't you reported about the launch of the cosmonauts?" Smirnov said something about how there was nothing unusual about the launch. Father's irritation grew. "Then why didn't you report? You're supposed to report the results immediately." Of course, by now Smirnov knew everything and was in no hurry to call. Father hung up furiously.

Evening was falling. Father and Mikoyan were strolling along the beach. They were interrupted by a duty officer who ran up to them panting.

"Nikita Sergeyevich, Comrade Suslov asks that you come speak to him on the phone." Father went into a little office and picked up the receiver. "Yes, Comrade Suslov?" There was a long pause. "I don't understand. What questions? Go ahead and deal with them without me." Another pause. "What can be so urgent? I'll be back in two weeks, then we can discuss everything." Father's nerves were beginning to show. "I don't understand any of this. What does that mean, you 'all got together'? We'll discuss agricultural problems at the plenum in November. There will be plenty of time to talk it all over then."

"Well," Father finally gave in. "If it's so urgent I'll come tomorrow. Goodbye."

The next afternoon Khrushchev and his entourage boarded an Ilushin 18 jet for the more than three-hour flight to Moscow.

He and Mikoyan went into the rear cabin. My father did not like to be alone and always had company. This time it was different. "Leave us alone," he curtly ordered. The two men were working out what line they would take, playing with alternatives, trying to guess what lay in store for them at the airport.

The landing was smooth as usual. In recent years members of

the Central Committee Presidium came to see off or meet my father. This time the tarmac was empty, with only two figures barely seen in the distance. It was a bad sign. The ramp was slowly rolled up. The mysterious figures approached. It was KGB Chairman Semichastny, accompanied by an aide.

Semichastny offered a polite but reserved greeting: "Welcome back, Nikita Sergeyevich." He leaned over to my father, and, as if in confidence, told him in a low voice. "Everybody has gathered at the Kremlin. They are waiting for you."

"Everybody has gathered at the Kremlin," he said. "They are waiting for you."

My father turned to Mikoyan and calmly, almost lightly, said, "Let's go, Anastas."

My father came home around 8 p.m. We walked for a while in silence. I didn't ask him anything. He looked upset and very tired.

"Everything happened just the way you said it would," he said.

"Are they demanding that you give up all your posts?" I asked.

"So far, only one of them, but that means nothing. This is just the beginning. We should be ready for anything." He stopped speaking.

"Don't ask any questions. I'm tired and have to think this over."

We walked on in silence. He suddenly asked: "Are you a doctor?"

I was dumbfounded.

"What do you mean, a doctor?"

"A doctor of science?"

"No, just a master's degree."

"Forget it."

Silence again. We made another round, and my father turned toward the house. He went upstairs to his bedroom and asked that a cup of tea be brought him there. Nobody dared to disturb him.

Later that evening Sergei, with his friend Sergo Mikoyan, the son of the President, paid a visit to the apartment of academician Anushavan Arzumanyan, who had spent the previous hours conferring with the elder Mikoyan.

"Anastas Ivanovich has asked me to keep our conversation a secret," said Arzumanyan hesitantly. "But I can tell you. Various charges have been made against Nikita Sergeyevich. Everyone but Mikoyan has formed a single front. Khrushchev is accused of various sins: the unsatisfactory situation in agriculture, disrespectful treatment of members of the Central Committee Presidium and disregard for their opinions, and many other things."

"But this is not the main thing. What's at issue now is not his mistakes but the line that he embodies and carries out. If he were not there, Stalinists could seize power and nobody knows what would happen. It's necessary to put up a fight and prevent the ouster of Khrushchev."

The accusation that Khrushchev had undervalued other members of the Presidium and was tactless in dealing with them was a serious one. There was a considerable measure of truth in it. Everyone recalled old and new insults.

"By the way," Arzumanyan turned to me. "Shel-pin said that you got your doctor-of-science degree without defending it."



Web of plotters: receiving the Order of Lenin from Brezhnev in April 1964



At rest in a backyard rocking chair: "I am ready to live where I am told to"

"So that's what it is!" I exclaimed without thinking. "My father asked me today whether I was a doctor. I couldn't understand it, and told him that three years ago I defended my master's thesis and explained the difference between a master's and doctor's degree. It's clear now how that question came up. This was a pure fabrication."

At the time we didn't know that my father had already decided to retire without putting up a fight. Late at night he called Mikoyan and said that if everyone wanted to relieve him of his posts, he would not object. Our telephone was bugged and his words became known immediately to his opponents, but we knew nothing. The whole morning of the 14th of October passed in exhausting expectation. At last there was a phone call from the Kremlin to say that he was on his way home.

Normally, he would never come home during the day. I met the car at the gate. My father thrust his black briefcase into my hands and exhaled. "It's over ... retired."

After a brief pause, he added:

"Didn't want to have lunch with them."

All was over. No one knew what was in store for us. One thing was clear. Nothing depended on us. There was nothing to do but wait.

"I wrote the statement myself, asking that I be relieved for reasons of health. I said that I would live where they tell me to, either in Moscow or elsewhere."

Only years later did I learn some details. The key figures who ousted my father were not Shelepin and Ignatov but Brezhnev with Podgorniy, who had more than once in conversations with other members of the Presidium touched on the subject of relations with Khrushchev. Brezhnev would complain about Khrushchev's intolerance and the strong words addressed to him, particularly the fact that my father once called him a "loafer."

But during these conversations there was no talk of ousting Khrushchev. Brezhnev only suggested convening the Central Committee plenum to "criticize" my father's work style. This, obviously, showed the indecisiveness of Brezhnev, who was afraid to take the final step.

Until the end of his life, recollections about these events were unpleasant for my father. Only at the very end of his life could I piece together a more or less complete picture of what had happened from occasional disconnected remarks he made, particu-

larly about what he had said himself in his last speech.

At that meeting of the Presidium, my father said that he would not fight for power because he did not think it possible to go against the opinion of the majority. He apologized for rude remarks he might have made and tactless actions. However, he resolutely brushed off the main accusations against him. My father reproached his former colleagues for their lack of courage. Each had tried to outdo the other in saying yes and had agreed with all his proposals.

Serious charges were made against my father concerning certain foreign policy steps. According to him, those were the Caribbean crisis [the Cuban missile crisis of October 1962], events at the Suez Canal and our relations with China. My father had answered that apparently somebody's memory was failing, because all the decisions had been made collectively by majority vote.

Back on that day in October, my father went out for a walk after lunch. Everything was unusual that day, such as this walk during working hours and its purpose—or rather, lack of it. In the past he would go out for exactly an hour after work to shake off the fatigue that accumulated during the day, and after some rest he would start reading his evening mail. Now a few last papers, some materials for the next session of the Presidium, were left in his briefcase. They were fated to remain there unopened and forgotten until my father's very death. He never looked into his briefcase.

We walked in silence. Finally, I couldn't stand it and asked a question that interested me: "Who was appointed?"

"Brezhnev will be First Secretary and Alexei Kosygin, the premier. Kosygin is a worthy candidate. He knows the economy quite well and would do a good job. It is more difficult with Brezhnev. He has too soft a character and is too easily influenced. I'm not sure he has enough strength to carry out the correct line, but it's not my business anymore. I am a pensioner now." Bitter lines appeared at the corners of his mouth. We never returned to this subject.

Mikoyan came to see us in the evening. "I was asked to tell you the following," Anastas Ivanovich began hesitantly. "This dacha and the city apartment are yours for life."

"Good," Father said vaguely. "I am ready to live where I am told to."

"You will keep a security and maintenance staff, but it will be changed."

My father granted.

"Your pension will be set at 500 rubles a month, with a car and driver thrown in." Mikoyan hesitated.

"I also suggested that we create for you a new job as consultant to the Presidium, but my proposal was turned down."

"There was no need to," said my father firmly. "They would never agree to that. Of course, it would be good to have something to do. I don't know how I can live as a pensioner without doing anything. Thanks anyway. It's good to know you have a friend at your side."

The conversation was over. My father saw his guest off to the front of the house. Anastas Ivanovich embraced and kissed Khrushchev. At that time it was not customary for leaders to kiss each other. And so everyone was moved by this farewell.

Mikoyan walked briskly to the gate. His short figure disappeared around the turn. Nikita Sergeyevich watched him leave.

They never met after that.

My father thrust his briefcase into my hands and exhaled, "It's over ... retired."

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Hail Maggie, the Mentor

As trouble looms, Thatcher urges a "dialogue" with Solidarity

Just before Margaret Thatcher's visit to Poland last week, Prime Minister Mieczysław Rakowski had nothing but praise for her firmness in tackling Britain's economic problems. "I would very much like to be a pupil in her school," said Rakowski. Polish officials admired her effectiveness in curbing unions that blocked industrial reorganization.

Thatcher was hardly pleased, however, when Rakowski cited her policies as a precedent for another government assault on the outlawed Solidarity movement. As part of Rakowski's new economic reform program, the government announced, it would close down on Dec. 1 the famous Lenin shipyard in Gdansk, whose workers gave birth to Solidarity during a strike in 1980. Its 11,000 employees, including Solidarity's founder, Lech Walesa, a shipyard electrician for 21 years, would be forced to find jobs elsewhere.

Pruning such an unprofitable state-run enterprise may make economic sense—the Lenin shipyard soaked up \$18.6 million in subsidies last year—but because the government's move was so obviously aimed at Solidarity, it threatened to set off a fresh round of political turmoil. The maneuver raised further doubts about whether the government would stick to the offer it made in August



The Prime Minister places a wreath on Popieluszko's grave

"You will find your friends ready to help in practical ways."

to Solidarity in exchange for ending labor unrest: "round-table" meetings during which the legalization of Solidarity could be discussed.

Thatcher did little to hide her sympathies. She paid an emotional visit to the Warsaw grave of Jerzy Popieluszko, the priest murdered by government security agents in 1984. The next day Thatcher became the first Western leader permitted to visit Gdansk for a meeting there with Walesa, receiving a rousing welcome

from thousands of Poles chanting "Solidarność! Solidarność!" "You have achieved so much," she told Walesa and other Solidarity officials after lunch at St. Brigid's presbytery. Polish intellectuals

pointed out a crucial difference between Thatcher's efforts to rein in British trade unions and Rakowski's confrontation with Solidarity. Unlike Poland's government, said Stanisław Gebethner, a political science professor at the University of Warsaw, "Mrs. Thatcher carries legitimate power through democratic elections."

The Prime Minister adhered to protocol, holding talks with Cabinet officials and joining Communist Party leader General Wojciech Jaruzelski at Westerplatte in northern Poland to honor defenders against the German invasion in 1939. But she did not hesitate to speak bluntly to her hosts. Turning to Jaruzelski at a banquet, she proclaimed her support for "freedom of expression, freedom of association and the right to form free and independent trade unions." It is vital for the government, she said, to hold "a real dialogue with representatives of all sections of society, including Solidarity."

Thatcher made a modest offer to give Poles management training but snubbed the government's pleas for Western loans and relief on Poland's \$36.4 billion foreign debt. The day when Polish officials grant real political freedoms, she said, "you will find your friends ready, not just to stand and cheer, but to help in practical ways."

—By Scott MacLeod

Reported by Gertraud Lessing/Warsaw

HUNGARY

Fixing the Fixers

Budapest cracks down on soccer's spoilsports

The latest joke making the rounds in Budapest carries a bitter truth. "Who will win the soccer championship this season?" Answer: "The team with the fewest players in jail." But to most Hungarians, there is nothing very funny about the soccer bribery scheme that by last week had developed into one of the biggest sports scandals ever to touch the East bloc.

During the past two weeks, 40 players and officials from seven of Hungary's top soccer clubs have been accused or indicted in the scheme, which involved rigging games for bribes of up to \$11,000. On one occa-

sion in April 1986, wives of players on opposing teams passed payments of \$1,800 to fix the game just before kickoff. The scandal has reached into soccer's elite: heroes such as Sándor Szalai, a star player, and Kálmán Meszöly, former manager of the national team, have been accused of cooking matches. Punishments for those found guilty could range from league suspensions to up to three years in prison.

The scandal is the third in the past

five years to tarnish Hungary's most popular spectator sport, but political pressure largely buried previous investigations. Three years ago, several of the country's best players received timely pardons so they could represent Hungary in the 1986 World Cup. The latest scandal has triggered a groundswell of anger aimed not only at the corruption that tinges Hungary's most popular sport but also at a system of behind-the-back favors that touches virtually every aspect of life.

But the new government of Communist Party leader Károly Grósz is headlining this latest disgrace to signal a step-up in its anticorruption drive. The party's Central Committee issued a statement late last week declaring, "We are determined to enforce justice and morality in every area, irrespective of party position or responsibility." If the charges stick, Grósz will score an upset victory for the fans.



Hungarian stars: some play for more than just love of the game

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**THE ZULUS AND
ELECTRONIC WARFARE** In 1879 a British army under Lord Chelmsford invaded Zululand in southern Africa to claim it as Crown property. The campaign was expected to be over before the month was out.

But the Zulus proved to be no walkovers.

Among their many military talents was their use of deception. One trick was for an *impi* (the equivalent of a division) to condense its formations so the enemy could not count its regiments. Another was to have small, diversionary groups of soldiers drive herds of cattle around the countryside, raising dust and deceiving the enemy as to the location of the main Zulu force.

The Battle of Isandhlwana. Charles Fripp, 1885. The National Army Museum, London



Utilizing such deceptive tactics, the Zulus misled Chelmsford into splitting his army and taking half of it on a wild goose chase to the southeast.

Meanwhile, from the north, the main Zulu *impi* of 20,000 attacked the remainder of the English force relaxed at the base camp at Isandhlwana. The surprise was complete. The British were massacred. And Chelmsford, hearing of the disaster, retreated to Natal.

The Zulus were applying a timeless principle of warfare. Deception. A sin in everyday life, in time of war a virtue. In the late 20th century it has become essential.

Nowadays, the primary medium of this realm of warfare is electronic. Planes, tanks, ships, helicopters all have electronic means of finding the enemy or pre-

venting him from finding them. Modern battle now, more than ever, favors the side with the most effective electronic technology.

While the Zulus used deception to help them win a battle, that tactic is now interwoven into every aspect of defense. From the movement and intentions of vast forces, down to individual encounters between aircraft or tanks, electronic deception is decisive.

But beyond this, electronic technology becomes decisive on the grand strategic level. For it is part of the deterrence that compels potential enemies to find ways to be friends.



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World Notes

PORTUGAL

Space Saga In Braga

"Ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt our program of dance music to bring you a special bulletin..." On Halloween eve 50 years ago, Orson Welles' broadcast of H.G. Wells' classic *The War of the Worlds* panicked citizens on the U.S. East Coast who believed Martians were invading. Last week when a radio station in northern Portugal re-created the celebrated 1938 drama, people again reacted in terror.

Minutes after the anniversary broadcast began in Braga (pop. 125,000), a mini-panic was on. Said António Costa Guimarães, one of the show's producers: "It was total chaos." While some residents fled, others rushed to the spot where the fearsome extraterrestrials were said to have been sighted. In a show of strength that would have startled any alien bold enough to advance on Braga, a local fire chief sent two fire trucks roaring about in search of the outer-space cadets. The program, which had been announced well in advance, was intended as homage to Orson Welles. The actor, who had called his Mercury Theatre production a way of dressing up in a sheet and saying hoo, would have enjoyed it hugely.



Steroid-fueled: Johnson crosses the 100-meter finish line in Seoul

SWEDEN

Check Up Or Check Out

Ten drug-related disqualifications at the Seoul Olympics, including the infamous de-

medaling of Canadian sprinter Ben Johnson, have cast a worldwide pall over competitive athletics. Last week sports officials from 29 countries met in Borlänge, Sweden, to draw up tough drug-testing proposals aimed at stamping out the

use of anabolic steroids by athletes. If adopted by enough sports governing bodies, the recommendations could lead the way to making the use of steroids by top-ranking international athletes virtually impossible.

The Borlänge group's key proposal was that random checks for steroid use be carried out during training as well as actual competition. Refusal to submit to such checks would carry the same penalties as the discovery of use of any of the drugs, including disqualification and long-term bans from competition. Said Sir Arthur Gold, chairman of Britain's Olympic Association: "With controls during training, we have found a new and forceful weapon in the war against doping." If the weapon is used, that is.

SOUTH AFRICA

A Slap at The Press

The final warning of a government clampdown came last month from Home Affairs Minister Stoffel Botha. It meant that the regime could close the *Weekly Mail* at any moment. Last week Botha did just that, barring publication of the small (circ. 25,000), liberal, antiapartheid tabloid for four weeks. In a statement released

in Pretoria, Botha accused the *Mail* of "causing a threat to the safety of the public or to the maintenance of public order."

The *Mail*'s co-editor, Anton Harber, called the suspension an act of "narrow-mindedness and intolerance." The editors pledged to keep the staff busy by bringing out special issues under other titles, on such topics as human rights and censorship. While the *Mail* will lose money, the paper is expected to survive the closing.



Harber reading the banned *Mail*



L'affaire Temptation: Police patrol fire-bombed Paris movie theater

FRANCE

Fundamental Opposition

Nearly all the reels of *The Last Temptation of Christ* had been packed away, and the smoke had lifted from the fire-bombed Latin Quarter theater that screened the film. But Paris still smoldered with *Temptation* controversy last week. An investigation into the September attacks aimed at U.S. director Martin Scorsese's movie turned up evidence that militant Christian groups linked to the ultra-right National Front led by Jean-Marie Le Pen might be to blame.

The French press disclosed a sheet of printed instructions for a campaign of harassment against the film that included the use of tear gas. According to the weekend *Journal du Dimanche*, the instructions gave a Paris phone number belonging to the Centre Charlier, a fundamentalist Roman Catholic organization founded by Bernard Anthony, a National Front deputy in the European Parliament in Strasbourg. Anthony denied any connection to the attacks. But at week's end police were still investigating members of the Centre Charlier for possible involvement in *l'affaire Temptation*.

Man in the Hot Seat

Car buff Robert Stempel aims to put a new shine on GM's image

If his chauffeur-driven car were to break down, General Motors president Robert Stempel is the sort of guy who would roll up his sleeves, look under the hood and fix it himself. Coming of age in Bloomfield, N.J., in the early 1950s, Stempel toiled during the summer as a garage mechanic. After joining GM as an engineer in 1958, he designed a front-wheel-drive transmission for the 1966 Oldsmobile Toronado. Stempel's success with the front-wheel drive, a radical departure that later became a standard feature, accelerated his movement up the corporate ladder.

By 1987 the 6-ft. 4-in. former college-football tackle had gone as far as most "car guys" are traditionally permitted to go at GM: the presidency, serving under one of the financial executives who have dominated the chairman's job. But at the moment, Stempel, 55, is the leading candidate to succeed chairman Roger Smith, who must retire at 65 in July 1990. The prospect of an engineer taking charge for only the second time in GM's 80-year history is providing a much needed morale boost for many dealers and employees. "He can talk about automobiles," says Carl Sewell, a Cadillac dealer in Dallas. "He can talk about the engine. He can talk about the transmission. The guy is what we've been looking for."

Never before has GM so sorely needed a top-notch tinkerer. As the No. 2 manager at the world's No. 1 automaker (1987 revenues: \$102 billion), Stempel presides over a company suffering from a showroom full of image problems. Originally known for the distinctive styling of its separate car lines, GM took a wrong turn in the 1970s when it began building cookie-cutter cars: a Chevrolet Citation was a ringer for a Pontiac Phoenix, for example. At the same time, shoddy workmanship, especially in the notorious X-car line, sent hordes of GM devotees to Toyota and Honda salesrooms for better-made products. Many customers were also lost to Ford and Chrysler, which were reviving their reputations for quality.

Once the producer of nearly 52% of all new cars sold in the U.S., GM saw its share slide to 46% in 1984, then drop to 36% today. Ford forged ahead from 19% in 1984 to 22%, and Chrysler climbed from 10% to 11%. Japanese automakers, who are rap-

idly opening U.S. plants, have boosted their share of the U.S. market from 18% to 26% in the same period.

Yet GM has embarked on a major overhaul of both its plants and its products. The results are beginning to show. Late last month the company reported earnings of \$859 million for the third quarter, a 5.8% rise from a year ago. That uptick is stronger than it looks: taking into account some bookkeeping changes

that inflated last year's profits, the latest earnings amount to a 104% increase.

One upbeat quarter does not guarantee a complete turnaround, however, especially since GM has not been saddled with the huge costs of retooling for new models. Says a top Ford executive: "They're on the way back. They're just not there yet." But GM's product-minded president is determined to win back customers with better-made and better-look-



ing vehicles. Moreover, he hopes to get the cars from design tables to assembly lines in less than three years instead of the current five. Helping to speed the process and reduce costs is GM's decade-long, \$50 billion investment in building automated plants and modernizing older ones.

GM is taking design lessons from its glory days. The latest versions of Cadillac's Fleetwood and DeVille sedans mark the return of the fins that were the brand's trademark until 1965. "They are voluptuous and sexy," says Christopher Cedergren, an analyst for J.D. Power & Associates. Seductive too: in October GM sold to retail customers 11,443 of the 1989-model Fleetwoods (base price: \$30,300) and De Villes (\$25,435), 54% more than it sold in the same month in 1987. To lure younger buyers, GM has its Geo line of small cars. Priced from \$7,000 to \$12,000, the autos are miserly in fuel consumption but splashy in appearance.

Stempel is bringing to market a line known as the GM-10 series, which is de-

signed to compete with Ford's cars for young families: the Taurus, best-selling midsize car in the U.S., and the Sable. The sporty GM-10s have debuted as two-door versions of the Olds Cutlass Supreme, Buick Regal and Pontiac Grand Prix; the four-door models are expected next fall. Already, one of them, the Chevrolet Lumina, is known inside GM as a "Taurus killer." But inasmuch as four-door cars make up 75% of U.S. auto sales, analysts wonder why GM first came out with two-door models, then allowed production of the larger versions to languish during a slowdown in GM's capital spending. Says analyst Maryann Keller: "The person who made that decision had absolutely no comprehension of the car market."

No one at GM is taking the blame, but marketing strategy may be one of Stempel's weak spots. Both the Chevrolet and Pontiac divisions lost market share during and after his stints as their general manager. Stempel has yet to kill off the Cadillac Allanté, a mere 1,893 of which

sold last year (base price: \$56,533), far below the 9,000 projected. Since becoming president, suggests one analyst, Stempel "has yet to take charge."

Perhaps so, but Stempel's presence alone—his booming voice and avuncular manner—motivates workers and soothes many Wall Street analysts. When Stempel left as head of GM's European operations in 1982 after a 17-month stint, union delegates at West Germany's Rüsselsheim plant gave him a ceramic wine pitcher as a symbol of the warm relations he fostered with the rank and file. Detroit's unions appreciate him too. Donald Ephlin, head of the United Auto Workers' GM unit, prizes the president's accessibility. Says Ephlin: "If I have things to bring to his attention, he is very responsive."

Despite earning \$1.2 million last year in salary and stock options, Stempel remains at heart a grease monkey who reads car-buff magazines, counts race-car driver A.J. Foyt among his friends and won a collection of drag-racing trophies in his youth. His one concession to corporate security: letting a chauffeur handle the 40-minute drive to work from his home in a posh suburb north of Detroit.

Though Stempel has the inside track for the chairmanship, he is not considered an absolute shoo-in. Among the other executives, all financially oriented, said to be in the running: F. Alan Smith, 57, an executive vice president; Robert O'Connell, 50, chief financial officer; and William Hoglund, 54, who oversees components operations. At an October meeting of GM's top executives in Traverse City, Mich., the forward-thinking speeches by Smith (no relation to the current chairman) made him the star performer, outshining even Stempel, says an insider.

Whoever takes over will inherit an industrial makeover that Roger Smith has only partly completed. GM still incurs the highest production expenses of any U.S. automaker: its fixed costs as a percentage of sales are 31%, in contrast to 24% for Ford and 27% for Chrysler. To meet Stempel's stated goal of boosting GM's factories from their present levels of 75% capacity to full utilization by 1992, the company might have to close at least four of 26 North American assembly plants and slash more than 100,000 of 600,000 jobs. Such a move would probably shatter GM's current truce with its workers. Also worrisome is the growing expectation that U.S. car sales, which have been strong for five years running, will weaken in 1989 by 5% or more.

GM's toughest immediate challenge is to shine the reputation of its tarnished nameplates. Is Stempel the right man for the top job? His car-guy savvy and rapport with colleagues have earned him the most votes so far. But he will face tough, daring decisions on the road to making a product that is as appealing as his pitch. — *By Gordon Bock.*

Reported by B. Russell Leavitt/Detroit

DOWNHILL BATTLE

GM divisions' share of U.S. auto sales



The company's new Quad 4, built with four valves per cylinder instead of the conventional two, produces as much power as many six-cylinder engines while consuming less fuel



The Tracker (base price: \$10,195) is the four-wheel-drive model in the new Geo line of small vehicles, which will be assembled in Japan, Canada and California

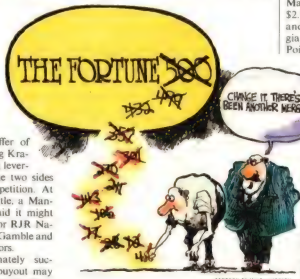
Buddy, Can You Spare a Billion?

Investors fret about debt as bidding for RJR Nabisco heats up

A fresh burst of takeover cross fire rattled through corporate boardrooms last week as acquirers battled for control of companies that make everything from bath towels (West Point Pepperell) to cake mixes (Pillsbury). Costliest of all was the struggle for RJR Nabisco (1987 revenues: \$16 billion), whose price tag set a record with each new offer. Top RJR Nabisco executives, backed by Wall Street's Shearson Lehman Hutton and Salomon Brothers, raised their bid from \$17.6 billion to \$21 billion, topping the rival offer of \$20.6 billion from Kohlberg Kravis Roberts, the high-flying leveraged-buyout firm. Now the two sides may be getting new competition. At week's end Forstmann Little, a Manhattan investment firm, said it might make an even higher bid for RJR Nabisco, backed by Procter & Gamble and other large corporate investors.

Whichever bid ultimately succeeds, the RJR Nabisco buyout may be too big for one team to handle. Hoping to join forces, KKR and the company's managers met around the clock in Manhattan. A major dispute was resolved when RJR Nabisco chief executive Ross Johnson agreed to share control of the company with KKR.

Talks then stalled over KKR's insistence that Drexel Burnham Lambert manage the buyout's junk-bond financing. KKR contends that only Drexel has the savvy to sell the record \$5 billion in high-yield bonds that is needed. But



RJR Nabisco's managers are concerned that the buyout could be jeopardized if Drexel and Michael Milken, its junk-bond wizard, are indicted for securities fraud, which is expected to occur soon.

While the suitors struggled to come

to terms, a sudden truce was called in another huge takeover fight when Kraft ('87 revenues: \$10 billion) agreed to be acquired by Philip Morris (\$28 billion). Hamish Maxwell, chairman of Philip Morris, said he did not have to sell off chunks of Kraft to finance the buyout. Said he: "For the vast majority of Kraft workers, this won't have any impact at all." The Philip Morris coup was an unusually smooth resolution. Another KKR fight fizzled last week when the Macmillan publishing firm accepted a \$2.5 billion offer from British financier and press lord Robert Maxwell. In Georgia, Joseph Lanier, chairman of West Point Pepperell, which makes Arrow shirts and Martex towels, was determined to beat back a bid for his company from Chicago investor William Farley, whose company makes Fruit of the Loom underwear. Said Lanier: "We intend to whip him, and are going to fight him until hell freezes over."

The feeding frenzy is making some financial experts nervous about the growing degree of corporate debt. In a whimsical proposal for the biggest takeover of all, James Grant, editor of *Grant's Interest Rate Observer*, has outlined a strategy for a \$115 billion leveraged buyout of IBM. But could Big Blue meet payments on the \$97 billion in new borrowing? No problem, said Grant. The computer giant could manage if it slashed R. and D. 80% and scrapped most of its new products. The real winners: bankers and lawyers, who would make a quick \$4.9 billion in fees on the deal.

—By Janice Castro.

Reported by Frederick Ungheuer/New York

Class Conflict

A shake-up stirs outrage at Yale's humanistic B-school

B raving a cold rain, some 200 students at Yale University's School of Organization and Management abandoned their studies last week for an old-fashioned protest rally. The target of their angry slogans: a campaign by Yale president Benno Schmidt to push the innovative but troubled business school into the mainstream of M.B.A. academics. Said Jane Melvin, a first-year student: "This amounts to a hostile takeover of the school."

Hostile or friendly, Schmidt's proposals indicated that he thought the school deserved a resounding F. Declaring that the twelve-year-old institution "was not reaching its potential," he

abruptly named a new dean: Michael Levine, 47, a tough-minded professor of management studies who was formerly chief executive of New York Air. Levine, whom Schmidt chose without consulting the faculty search committee, succeeds economist Burton Malkiel, 56, who resigned last year after strengthening the school's economics program. Schmidt is slashing the popular

department of organizational behavior, which teaches the techniques of compromise and consensus building, by declaring that six junior faculty slots will be phased out over the next five years.

Since it was founded in 1976, Yale's program has assumed the unusual role of training both future corporate leaders and government and nonprofit administrators.

While that will continue, Schmidt plans to focus on traditional teaching methods. He hopes to end a debilitating feud between professors of standard academic subjects such as finance and accounting and those, chiefly in organizational behavior, who emphasize role playing and the importance of human relations in settling disputes. "Relations had deteriorated to where faculty members were barely civil to each other," said finance professor Stephen Ross. After last week's turmoil, a new class in compromise might be welcome.



Rallying in the rain, students decry the sudden shift

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Moving Back to Main Street

Troubled Sears puts its tower on sale and cuts prices down to size

BY WILLIAM McWHIRTER

Ever since it practically invented the idea more than a century ago, Sears has seen a big sale as a sure cure for slow business. Even by the standards of the largest U.S. retailer, last week's offering in Chicago was its most stupendous yet. Chairman Edward Brennan served as the star pitchman. "It's a trophy," hawked Brennan, 54, a cherubic former Sears salesman. "It's an excellent facility, very well maintained; nothing of its size and value has ever been sold before. After all, it is the tallest building in the world."

The retailing giant (1987 revenues: \$48.4 billion) was putting its landmark headquarters, the Sears Tower, on the block. Target price: a record \$1 billion-plus. The offering was remarkable not just for its size but for its symbolism: the 110-story tower, which commands a view of four states, had seemed to signify the company's invincibility and dominance over the U.S. consumer marketplace.

No longer. Sears' popularity as a retailer has slipped drastically, eroding the company's profits and depressing its stock price. The slump finally forced the company's management last week to launch a major restructuring that involves paring down its overhead and revamping its marketing philosophy. In a bidding process that may take six months or more, Sears hopes to sell its tower for perhaps six times the \$200 million it cost to complete in 1974. In addition, Sears will sell off the commercial-property division of its Coldwell Banker real estate firm for an estimated \$500 million, and the health-insurance programs of its Allstate insurance company for \$1 billion or so.

What hastened the move was the arrival of the unthinkable: a rash of giant takeover deals that raised the possibility of Sears itself becoming a raider's target. To make its stock more dear, Sears plans to invest at least \$1.5 billion in buying back 10% of its outstanding shares. Yet later in the week came rumors that a takeover bid was being considered by such candidates as developer Donald Trump and Revlon chairman Ronald Perleman. With a market value of at least \$16 billion, Sears is still a long shot as a takeover victim. But analysts think the company would be worth \$36 billion if its assets were auctioned off separately.

Retailing experts trace the company's decline to the construction of the hulking tower. The building was designed to serve as headquarters for an expanding conglomerate of "everything stores." These were intended to offer everything from financial services to apparel (a strategy dubbed "socks 'n' stocks"). By the year 2000, the tower was to be occupied solely by Sears' own corporate branches, in contrast to about 60% of the building's 13,000-worker occupancy now. The view from the 110th floor may have been fine, but the vision was blurred. "The tower might have been one of Sears' greatest

miscalculations," says Donald R. Katz, author of *The Big Store*, a 1987 history of the company. "To many Americans and even to a lot of people who worked there, Sears went from being viewed as the nice store down the street to this remote, powerful corporation."

Even Brennan speaks of the tower's jinx. Says he: "When your world is vertical and all your movement is by elevator, your contacts are inhibited, you don't see people as frequently as you do in other environments and decision making is difficult. Some of that slow-to-react, hard-to-change culture takes place." Brennan hopes that moving all but 600 senior-level corporate executives from the monolith will help Sears get back to its hometown roots.

Sears' decline has come at the hands of mass-volume discount retailers like K mart and Target on the one hand and sprightly, full-line specialty stores like Circuit City (electronics) and the Home Depot (hardware) on the other. Sears' sales grew only 4.3% last year, in contrast to Wal-Mart's 34%. Sears' dependable Kenmore appliances, which held a commanding 46% share of the market only five years ago, have reportedly slipped to a 33% share. Even Sears' dominance as the No. 1 retailer is being narrowed to decimal points: Sears' merchandise sales last year were \$25.8 billion, vs. K mart's \$25.6 billion.

After shoring up Sears' financial base, Brennan aims to transform radically the style and format of his company's 825 retail stores. Brennan will reduce the number of Sears' well-known promotions, like weekend sales, in favor of steadier discounting. The new advertising slogan will be "Everyday Low Pricing."

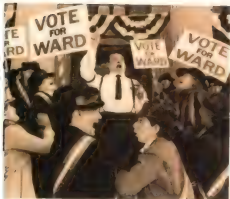
Brennan also plans to expand the company's offering of brand-name goods in boutique-like departments. Most Sears stores will be far more concentrated in automotive parts, electronics, appliances and apparel lines than in miscellaneous dry goods. Brennan the salesman is ever optimistic. "When you walk into a Sears store and you're shopping for a particular product, you're going to say, 'This is it. I've found the right place.'"

Because Brennan's marketing revamp remains largely theoretical at this point, most experts are reserving judgment. "The changes could bring Sears back to Main Street where it belongs," says Walter Loeb, a retailing analyst for Morgan Stanley. "But the customer may not like Sears anymore. A mature company is fighting for its life. The jury is still out, and as always, the jury is the consumer." ■



PHOTO COURTESY OF SEARS; BOOK COURTESY OF MORGAN STANLEY

VIRGINIA SLIMS



In 1920, candidate John Ward promised that if elected, he'd appoint a woman to an important post.



After the election, Miss Melinda Wek was named sweepster of the house.

You've come a long way, baby.



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8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb '85.

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Business Notes



A scarlet macaw in U.S. custody

SMUGGLING

Polly Wants A Crackdown

The sting was called Operation Psittacine, from the Latin name of the brightly plumed contraband. Last week the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service said that 36 people in six states would be indicted on felony charges for their role in smuggling rare and endangered parrots into the U.S. from Mexico and other Latin American

countries. In a two-year undercover probe, the agency seized dozens of exotic parrots worth some \$468,000. Such birds, which can be picked up for as little as \$100 apiece along the Mexican border, fetch dear prices in U.S. pet stores: \$4,500 for a scarlet macaw, \$25,000 for a pair of black palm cockatoos. The crackdown began after smugglers offered their booty to Ohio pet-shop owners Frank and Carol Reuve, who notified U.S. agents and served as a front for the operation. ■

ENTERTAINMENT

A Star Is Born, Again

Homes across the U.S. have succumbed to a friendly invasion by 10.6 million lovable aliens. That is how many videocassettes of *E.T. the Extra-*



E.T. makes a home run

Terrestrial (1982) have been sold, for up to \$24.95, since its Oct. 27 release. Already the sad-eyed visitor has displaced Disney's *Cinderella*, with sales of 6 million copies, as the most popular videotape ever. Analysts predict that *E.T.* will soon appear in 25% of the 50 million U.S. homes with VCRs. ■

THE DEFICIT

Let's Not Make a Deal

Cutting the budget deficit is a task for America's best and coolest-headed. But even they are pounding the table in frustration, as was the case last week when the bipartisan National Economic Commission met. Congress created the panel last December, hoping it would produce a consensus on deficit-rimming measures (and take the heat off Congress to do so). But the deliberations, hemmed in by untouchable Social Security benefits on one side and antitax sentiment on the other, have taken on a sense of futility.

At a hearing on defense issues, member Caspar Weinberger was up to his old game, calling for increased spending. Democratic Co-Chairman Robert Strauss took him to task for proposing new outlays without providing fresh income. Strauss reminded the former Defense Secretary that members had sworn an "oath to deal with the deficit." Weinberger retorted that there was nothing "so sacred" about Social Security that should prevent it from being tapped for defense. An outraged AFL-CIO president Lane Kirkland vowed to oppose any such moves, with street protests if necessary. The divisions are likely to worsen after the presidential election, since the candidates have admonished the panel to move in different directions. ■

WALL STREET

With Friends Like This...

Even in the frenzied world of Wall Street dealmakers, speculator Salim ("Sandy") Lewis stood out as a talkaholic with a penchant for dispensing advice and hatching colorful schemes. Last week a federal grand jury in Manhattan charged Lewis with manipulating stock in an apparent attempt to help out American Express and its chairman, James Robinson,

a longtime Lewis friend.

The indictment accuses Lewis of conspiring with Los Angeles broker Boyd Jefferies in 1986 to drive up the stock price of Fireman's Fund insurance company from 37½ to 38 just before American Express sold 9 million shares. While Jefferies confessed last year to violating securities laws, Lewis denies any wrongdoing. Neither Robinson nor American Express is expected to be charged. If convicted, Lewis could face up to five years in prison on each of 22 counts. ■

INVESTING

Get 'Em While They're Young

Paul Lobosco, 29, a business student at New York City's Fordham University, wagered \$1 million on stocks last week. But at worst he stands to lose

only \$49.95. That is the fee that 13,000 students paid to enter AT&T's first Collegiate Investment Challenge, a four-month contest designed to give an almost-real adventure in handling a stock portfolio.

Each entrant is equipped with a simulated brokerage account containing \$500,000.

The investors place orders by calling a toll-free number that puts them in touch with student "brokers" in Wellesley, Mass., who record the transactions based on the latest stock quotes. The investor who earns the most by Feb. 28 wins \$25,000 in real money and a trip to the Bahamas. ■



Student "brokers" in Wellesley, Mass., take calls from players in the collegiate stock-trading contest



Education

● COVER STORY

Who's Teaching Our Children?

Overworked and underappreciated, the guardians of the classroom find frustration and satisfaction in the daily battle to improve students' minds

WANTED

Men and women with the patience of Job, wisdom of Solomon and ability to prepare the next generation for productive citizenship under highly adverse and sometimes dangerous conditions. Applicant must be willing to fill gaps left by unfit, absent or working parents, satisfy demands of state politicians and local bureaucrats, impart healthy cultural and moral values—and—oh, yes—teach the three Rs. Hours: 50-60 a week. Pay: fair (getting better). Rewards: mostly intangible.



Barry Smolin
Los Angeles

A flair for the dramatic—acting out a sword fight from *The Three Musketeers*, for instance—makes him a star with students. It also leaves him exhausted. "I can't keep up five shows a day and not get burned out."

With a bachelor's degree from Harvard and a double master's in literature and education from the University of Virginia, New Yorker Carol Jackson Cashion seemed a natural for a high-powered career in publishing or the arts. So last summer when cocktail chatter turned to the inevitable "What do you do?" question, Cashion was prepared for the shocked reaction. She told her companions that in the fall she would begin teaching at Brooklyn's Edward R. Murrow High School. Reports Cashion: "They looked at me as if I had just flown in from Mars."

Americans want their children to have good teachers, it seems, but they are not sure they want them to become teachers. And perhaps with good reason. Since 1983, when the federally sponsored report *A Nation at Risk: The Imperative for Educational Reform* warned of a "rising tide of mediocrity" in U.S. schools, the country's 2.3 million public school teachers

have come in for stinging criticism—some of it no doubt justified.

After all, how else to explain the fact that an estimated 13% of 17-year-olds and perhaps 40% of minority youth are considered functionally illiterate? That less than one-third know when the Civil War occurred? That in a recent ABC-TV-sponsored survey of 200 teenagers, less than half could identify Daniel Ortega (President of Nicaragua) and two-thirds were ignorant of Chernobyl (one guessed it was Cher's real name). Five years after *A Nation at Risk* prompted a flurry of reform, average scores on the Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT) have risen 11 points. Still, as recently as last spring, former Secretary of Education William Bennett gave U.S. schools an overall grade of no better than a C or a C-plus. To the teaching establishment, and teachers' unions in particular, he issued a sharp rebuke: "You're standing in the doorways. You're blocking up the halls of education reform."

Teachers, of course, are unhappy

about the assessment, though it was nothing new. "Over the years, you're constantly bashed," says Kathy Daniels, a Chicago English teacher. "You get it from the principal; you get it from the press. Bennett just topped it all." What particularly rankles is that while accusations are flying, policies debated and remedies proposed, no one has consulted the real experts: those who do daily battle to improve the minds of students. Says Ernest Boyer, president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching: "Whatever is wrong with America's public schools cannot be fixed without the help of those inside the classroom."

In their own defense, teachers point out that their job has changed dramatically over the past 25 years. Increasingly, they are asked not only to provide a good education but also to address ever more complex and diverse social problems. Drugs, sex, violence, broken homes, poverty: today's classroom is a mirror of the crises that afflict the U.S. as a whole. Even the children of two-earner, middle-class couples can suffer from lack of attention, if only because neither Mom nor Dad has the time or energy to help with homework or attend PTA meetings.

Add to that the burgeoning population of students from non-English-speaking households, and the teacher's primary task—to convey knowledge—can become nearly impossible. "Society has taken the position that teachers ought to succeed with everybody: the economically disadvantaged, racial minorities, the handicapped," says P. Michael Timpane, president of Teachers College at Columbia University. "No one took those issues seriously a generation ago."

While responsibilities and demands have multiplied, teachers have seen little increase in the financial or moral support they need to do the job. Overcrowded classes, inadequate or outdated equipment and long hours are common. At the same time, in a panicked effort to improve their schools, many states and localities have added new and often burdensome course requirements, typically without input from teachers. "Traditionally, teachers have been treated like very tall children," observes Mary Futrell, president of the National Education Association (NEA), which represents 1.6 million schoolteachers. "We are not perfect," concedes Baltimore elementary school teacher Kathlynn Jacobs. "But people need to walk in our shoes before they criticize."

"It sounds a little bit like English but there are too many 'hocks,'" notes a junior at Chicago's Farragut Career Academy High School.

The subject is the epic poem Beowulf, which English teacher Daniels has tried to bring to life with a recording in Old Eng-

Education



Lillie Rayborn
Tunica, Miss.

In a poor rural county marred by racial strife, thumbs up for a winning attitude: "Avoid negative responses. Touch them. Let them know you care. Always use positive reinforcement."

lish. But the school's tape recorder has an ill-fitting plug, and Daniels cannot get it to start. After several attempts, she asks a visitor to hold the plug in the socket. "This is one of the worst things about teaching in the city," she says. "Nothing ever works."

When the guttural words begin to emerge, Daniels, 50, passes around a paper with lines from the poem on one side and the modern English translation on the other. Since there is just one sheet, only a few students see it before the recording ends. An overhead projector would have helped, but the one assigned to the English department is as unreliable as the tape recorder.

Each day teachers cope with working environments that would never be tolerated by lawyers, doctors and other professionals. Copiers, ditto machines, lab glassware and even books, the basic tools of the

trade, are battered or nonexistent in many school systems. Teachers are frequently left to fill the gap from their own pockets. Some pay for photocopies; others pick up the tab for educational extras. Every month, for example, Patrice Bertha, a sixth-grade teacher on Chicago's seedy West Side, piles her charges onto a city bus, often paying the fare and admission fee so they can visit a museum or see a play. Many of the children, who are black, would never visit downtown Chicago otherwise. "Their whole world is where they live," she says.

The lack of essentials is symptomatic of a larger problem: inequities in school financing. In most states, schools are supported by a combination of property taxes and state and federal grants. The formula ensures gleaming beakers and well-stocked libraries for schools in wealthier

states and neighborhoods but leaves many rural and inner-city schools with peeling paint and leaky pipes. Connecticut, for example, with its tony suburbs, spends an average of \$5,900 on each public school student in the state last year; Alabama spent just \$2,600.

The physical signs of underfunding are not limited to the inner cities. The roof of one building on the grounds of Tunica Junior High School in Tunica, Miss., collapsed years ago, but the school district abandoned by whites in the wake of integration—does not have money for repairs. Inside, the wooden desks and textbooks remain, split and rotting. Outside, there is no playground equipment. "The word sends messages to our kids about the importance it places on education," says Robin Gostin, a tenth-grade math teacher in Los Angeles. "Go to shopping malls and see how nice they are. Then look at the desks in our classrooms, and you see nails coming through the bottom of the seats."

Most weekdays, Juan Rodriguez, 40, roars up to Hartford's Thomas J. Quinn Middle School in his red pickup truck 7 a.m. and leaves by 3 p.m. In between, he teaches five science classes, grades papers, prepares lesson plans, has two rounds of hall duty, grabs a sandwich at his desk and calls parents to discuss discipline problems or schoolwork. The daytime schedule, which is often followed by two hours of work at home—sounds hectic, and it is. When the last-period bell rang on a recent afternoon, Rodriguez had not yet had an opportunity to go to the bathroom.

Coffee breaks. A lunch hour. A moment to chat with colleagues. Most workers take these things for granted. But teachers cannot operate that way. The workweek easily stretches up to 60 hours, including back-to-back classes, lunchroom duty, daily lesson planning, coaching, club sponsorship and conferences.

The frantic pace can take a toll. For 17 years Sue Capie and her husband Ken of Cupertino, Calif., had a two-teacher marriage. Then in 1981 she fled to a job as a recruiter for Hewlett-Packard. "I had been onstage a long time," she says. "Now I can sit at my desk sometimes and say to myself, 'O.K., you don't have to think about anything for a few minutes.' I have a lot more freedom."

Perched on a stool at the front of the room, Rochester teacher Michael Pugliese, 30, looks down on a clamorous gaggle of third-graders sitting cross-legged on the floor. After quieting them, he begins reading Joey, a book about a Puerto Rican boy whose family moves to New York City. The book's hero has just found needles on the street. Pugliese asks his listeners if the



Kathy Daniels, Chicago

Outside the schoolhouse sanctuary lies a gang war zone. Inside, supplies are scant. "People in power in this country don't care about the education of ghetto kids," says Daniels, who likes to keep a close watch on her own son's study habits.



know what kinds of needles the story means. Many of the children do. One boy says he saw two drug addicts in front of his apartment building just the day before. "You all know about AIDS," Pugliese says. They nod in agreement. "Well, that's one way you can get AIDS. So if you see a needle on the street, don't even pick it up."

Pugliese is not shocked at the students' familiarity with drugs. In fact, their experiences seem innocent compared with those of the emotionally troubled kids he used to teach in special-education classes. One boy was left alone for days at a time while his mother disappeared into crack houses. A ten-year-old girl had been sexually abused by both her natural and foster parents.

The prim, bespectacled schoolmarm, standing at the head of a well-scrubbed, disciplined class, is a stereotype from a

bygone era. Today most high school students have had more experience with alcohol, drugs and sex than she ever could have imagined. Pregnant girls are seen in school corridors; others deposit their babies in school day-care centers. Violence is a regular visitor to the schoolyard. Last year in New York City there were more than 300 instances in which students punched, stabbed or otherwise assaulted public school teachers. Against such corrosive influences, it is increasingly teachers—not parents—who are called upon to function as society's first line of defense. Says Carolee Bogue, dean of students at Fairfax High School in Los Angeles: "Most kids today look to the teachers for the support that they don't get at home."

In urban schools the outcroppings of neglect and despair abound. When Chicago's Kathy Daniels asked her students to

write an essay about something that made them angry, one boy described the time his brother was gunned down and died on the front steps of his house. Soon afterward, the boy himself was fatally shot. In poor rural areas, the deprivation can be even more elemental. "I've got kids that have never held a pencil before," says a Mississippi kindergarten teacher. "And last year I had one that had never held silverware." Trying to convey the majesty of Shakespeare or even basic addition and subtraction to such children can be a near impossibility.

Nor is lack of parental involvement limited to inner-city tenements or rural tar-paper shacks.

Kathlynn Jacobs, a 24-year-veteran of the Baltimore public schools, vividly remembers one gangly, precocious first-grad-

Education

er, who had been in day care since she was a baby. Both her parents worked, and her life had been rigidly scheduled to accommodate them. "She was the smartest one in the class," says Jacobs, "and she was having a hard day." Jacobs asked her what was wrong. "I'm tired of school," replied the world-weary seven-year-old. "I've been to school all my life."

Home and family life—even in mid-

words he has written on the blackboard. The class titters.

"I had a student last year who used to call his spit 'luggies,'" he tells his tenth-graders. "He could lean out my classroom window and gather enough spit to reach down to the ground and then suck it up again."

"Gross, Mr. Smolin!"

He perseveres, pointing to another word. "Ubiquitous. Sometimes when you

learning-disabled or troubled children. Last spring, after three years of teaching special ed, Michael Pugliese asked to be reassigned to a regular classroom. "When you give your all, and there's no hope—that's too much," he says.

Many teachers do not bother to request transfers; they just quit. Fully half of all new teachers leave the profession within five years. The trend is more pronounced among minorities, who frequently work in schools with the most complex social and academic problems. Given attractive options in private industry, blacks—as well as women—no longer feel forced to endure jobs they consider unsatisfying. "The old days were different," says Chester Finn, former Assistant Secretary of Education. "A lot of our finest teachers were women and minorities who had no other place to earn a living."

Earnings, or the lack thereof, have much to do with the exodus. During the 1970s, while salaries in other fields soared, teachers' pay fell 15% in real dollars. In some states starting salaries remain as low as \$13,000. In Mississippi social-studies teacher Jewelie Brown makes only \$22,200 after 31 years in the classroom. Californian Ken Capie does better: \$41,000 after 30 years, but that is still \$3,000 less than his 25-year-old son's starting salary as an engineer.

Belatedly, many districts are rushing to fatten teachers' paychecks. Since 1980 the average teacher's salary has risen 61.7%, from \$17,364 to \$28,085. The improvement does not dazzle many teachers, who say the increase has yet to make up the losses of the past. But some districts are finding that better pay is a magnet for fresh teaching talent. Since last summer, when it approved a three-year contract providing for salaries of up to \$64,000, Dade County, Fla., has received nine applications for every teaching vacancy. "We really have the pick of the crop," exults assistant superintendent Gerald Dreyfuss.

In addition to raising pay, some districts are experimenting with career ladders that allow teachers the opportunity to move up in status without having to abandon the classroom for administrative posts. Others have created "mentor" programs, which help novice teachers by pairing them with talented and experienced ones. Some wealthier schools provide workout centers and time off for stressed-out teachers. New Trier Township High School in suburban Chicago has a wellness program that allows faculty members to exercise on school time, receive personal and career counseling and even reduce their teaching loads without penalty. But such tender loving care is rare. "I don't think burnout is caused by the children," says Tracy Bridgers, a math teacher at Alexander Graham Junior High in



Tracy Bridgers
Charlotte, N.C.

"I know you are impatient to get into algebra," she teases a restless class. Some of her black students are bused 45 minutes each way to meet integration requirements.



dle-class suburbia—is not what it used to be. With divorce commonplace, youngsters frequently careen back and forth between parents like shuttlecocks. "We used to send one report card home with each student and deal with one set of parents," recalls Kay Grady, a counselor at Hillview Elementary School in affluent Menlo Park, Calif. "Now we send two to two households and sometimes arrange for separate conferences." That is, if the parents have time. Single parents and two-earner couples are often just too fatigued at the end of the day to show much interest in open-house night or Johnny's science project. Students often reflect their parents' indifference. Says Hillview science teacher Ken Capie: "It's like they're always asking themselves, 'Why am I here?' They don't see the need to learn."

"Expectorate—to spit." Barry Smolin points to one of 20 vocabulary

are walking around downtown L.A., the police are ubiquitous." Polite laughter. "Resonant. Many opera singers have a resonant quality to their voice." He breaks into a baritone, singing scales with a mock gravity.

Smolin, 27, graduated from Fairfax High himself in 1978. But his classroom reflects a taste for the cultural artifacts of earlier eras. Jimi Hendrix posters keep company with theater reviews from West Side Story. His unusual methods—using song lyrics to teach literary themes, for instance—are popular with students. But he fears he may soon wilt under the pressure to entertain. "My first year I used to come home hoarse," he says. "I can't keep up five shows a day and not get burned out."

Burnout. It can happen as easily at the blackboard as in the boardroom. "There are days when I go home with a migraine," says Chicago's Bertha. "It's a stressful job." Especially for those who work with

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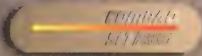
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Carol Bowen, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

She remembers when teaching and nursing seemed to be the only careers for women. Now she wonders about the next generation. "It saddens me that we don't have more teachers fresh out of college."



Charlotte, N.C. "Usually it is the administration. No one strokes you enough."

At 9:30 a.m. Lillie Rayborn, 43, is already damp with sweat, trying to keep up with her rambunctious first-graders at Tunica's Rosa Fort Elementary School. "All right," she says firmly. "Yesterday we learned the letter l. Today we will learn the letter d." She hands out construction paper "bones." If the word on the "bone" begins with d, the child gets to "feed the dog"—a large construction-paper hound with a hole for a mouth. The kids love it.

Off to one side are about ten "Chapter 1" children—kids who need special attention. Because the district usually requires that everyone complete first grade before being evaluated as learning disabled, kids who have serious problems often limp through the first two years of school behind their more advanced peers.

Eric, for example, has learned to draw a capital E, but cannot write his own name. He is far from the worst case that Rayborn has seen. Once, a child with Down syndrome was enrolled in her class. He was still in diapers and required frequent

changing. "I had to run out and buy Pam-pers," she recalls. "He had never been disciplined. He acted like an animal in the zoo."

If education officials had consulted Lillie Rayborn, a policy requiring learning-disabled children to share classrooms with other kids might never have been written. But decisions affecting schools are still mostly top-down. In Chicago administrators make it clear that students should be held back only once and then promoted to the next grade, regardless of performance. Other kids languish in unsupervised classrooms because the school board underestimates the number of teachers a school needs and will not provide substitutes in the interim. "You can lose total track of the students by the time a board-authorized sub shows up," says English teacher Daniels.

Asked to cope with the consequences of these bureaucratic snafus, teachers feel impotent and bitter. The flurry of educational reforms of the past five years has also been largely imposed from on high. Take, for example, the effort to upgrade the quality and qualifications of teachers.

Concerned about an alleged epidemic of incompetency, legislatures in 46 states have enacted tougher training requirements for teachers, including minimum college grade-point averages. While many teachers applaud these changes and hope they will attract higher-caliber people, veteran educators generally give low marks to standardized competency tests such as the National Teachers Examination, now required in 30 states. No multiple-choice exam, they say, can predict success in the classroom.

Last month, in response to such complaints, the Educational Testing Service unveiled plans for a far more sophisticated exam. The new test, which will be in use by 1992, will include two exams—one given during sophomore year in college and a second after teacher training—plus an evaluation of performance in the classroom. Says National Education Association spokeswoman Jane Usdan: "This is a step in the right direction."

Another way of upgrading the quality of teachers, say many veterans, is through a strict peer-review process, in which teachers themselves would help screen

Education

and rehabilitate incompetents. "A teacher who is incompetent should have a conference with the principal; then she should get help from a support teacher," says Baltimore's Jacobs. "But if she's still incompetent, then I'm sorry—she has to go." Some take unions to task for protecting poor performers. Says science teacher Rodriguez: "They should not be so closed-minded when it comes to retraining and testing."

In some parts of the country, teachers are being given more say in setting school policies. In Dade County, which includes Miami, 45 of the system's 260 schools are experimenting with "school-based management," which allows teachers and administrators to tackle problems free of the usual bureaucratic constraints. Schools can request waivers from union contracts and from local and state regulations. The result: a palpable boost in morale. At one school, teacher absenteeism is down 50%, saving \$7,000 a year in substitute-teacher costs.

It is midmorning when Juan Rodriguez begins to talk about the Egyptian astronomer Ptolemy. The ancients had no idea what the earth looked like, he tells his 24 seventh-graders. The kids cannot believe anyone could be so dumb. "Oh, my God," says one, rolling her eyes.

But one boy is intrigued. "Are we positive that 1,000 years from now, people won't look back and say that we got it all wrong?" he asks. Rodriguez is delighted. "That's a beautiful question," he says. "I love it when my students ask that." Then he leads the class into a discussion of how scientific theories can and must evolve.

The moment the light bulb goes on—that, say teachers, is what they live for. That is why they are teachers and not plumbers or investment bankers. The look in a young person's eye: *I got it! I understand!* In the average school year there may be only a handful of such moments, but to a teacher they are unforgettable.

The ultimate satisfaction comes from the occasional student who, given the right nurturing, suddenly blossoms. Barry Smolin twinkles at the very thought of his "victory student." The Fairfax junior had a mother who was a junkie, a sister who was a prostitute and a father who had long ago abandoned the family. "I gave her a writing assignment, and she was brilliant," says Smolin. "She still had trouble, but she got into college and now she wants to be a writer." What keeps many teachers going is the conviction that somewhere out there, there are more victory students waiting to be discovered.

And there are the small rewards...

Carol Bowen, 46, ducks into the teachers' lounge at Harrison Elementary School in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, at 8:40 a.m. for a quick gulp of coffee. Then she heads back

to Room 208 to wait for her third-grade students, who have formed two lines outside the red brick building. This particular morning the girls' line enters first. As they file past, one child, Heidi, stops and shyly hands Bowen a slender envelope. Inside is a bookmark. Its inscription: "To my teacher: thank you for taking the time to share what you have learned."

Despite their frustrations, many teachers are still content with their choice of career. "I love my job," says Rochester's Pugliese. "In the classroom I can have an impact." A Carnegie Foundation survey of 22,000 teachers found that 77% are satisfied with their jobs. "You can make \$2 million a year working at some corporation," says Hillview teacher Sue Krumbein. "But

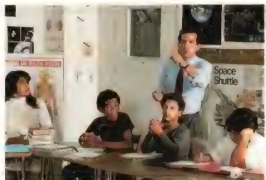
who really cares? When you teach, a lot of people care."

Of course, not everyone can have the impact of math teacher Jaime Escalante, the inspiring subject of the movie *Stand and Deliver*. But in small towns and sprawling cities there surely are people like him, each a miracle worker in his or her own way. Teachers say the best of them are born, not made. Perhaps they are right. Several years ago, Patrice Bertha took a sabbatical to see whether she really wanted to spend the rest of her life in the classroom. She wound up tutoring at home instead. "I really missed it," she says. "That's when I told myself: 'You're a teacher forever.'"

—By Susan Tift, Reported by D. Blake Hallinan/San Francisco, Michael Mason/Tunica and Janice C. Simpson/New York

Juan Rodriguez Hartford

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The Made-for-TV Campaign

A year when candidates—not reporters—controlled the images

BY LAURENCE ZUCKERMAN

For weeks the frenzied activity at Bush for President headquarters in Washington and Dukakis for President headquarters in Boston has come to an abrupt halt every evening at precisely 6:30. Like religious devotees called to prayers, staffers have huddled in small groups around glowing screens for the one hour of the

Kalb, director of Harvard's Shorenstein Barone Center on the Press, Politics and Public Policy. "The manipulators learned that by controlling the pictures you end up controlling the content."

Nonetheless, broadcast journalism has a lot to be proud of in 1988. Such programs as the *MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour*, CNN's *Inside Politics 88* and ABC's *Nightline* regularly provided distinguished cov-

ling the circumstances. George Bush has warmly seized on this legacy. Though accompanied daily by some 80 reporters and cameramen, Bush has held only five press conferences since Labor Day. On the road in recent weeks, he has rarely ventured back to chat with the press pool on Air Force Two and frequently stayed in a separate hotel. Spontaneity is avoided at all costs. "It's just like a sixth-grade field trip," noted Lacy Bazar, 12, after she accompanied her father John Bazar of the Los Angeles *Times* on a leg of the regimented campaign. "The teachers tell you when you can get off the bus, where you can stand and when you can eat." Re-



Vice President Bush inherited a strategy of media manipulation practiced to perfection by Ronald Reagan: keep the crowds friendly, the backdrops attractive and stay as far away from reporters as possible

day when their champions go head to head in the campaign's most critical arena, TV's evening news.

If 1960 was the year that television became a decisive factor in a national campaign, 1988 is the year that television was the campaign, a year in which one party, at its convention, deliberately muted the colors of the flag so they would televise better. To ensure that the news media would deliver the desired image, both campaigns shielded their men from spontaneous contact with the press, arranging instead a series of colorful, staged-for-TV events. On most days the strategy worked. "TV producers are like nymphomaniacs when it comes to visuals," explains Albert Hunt, Washington bureau chief of the *Wall Street Journal*. "Television's insatiable need for pretty pictures has cheapened the campaign."

As this year's campaign draws to a close, many reporters and news executives find themselves in agreement. "Television news has been co-opted by the image-makers and the media managers," says former network correspondent Marvin

erage. In addition, as the campaign wore on, the networks endeavored to bring greater depth to the nightly news, focusing on issues and exposing some of the candidates' distortions. "Television reporters didn't trivialize the campaign," says Andrew Stern, a professor at Berkeley's Graduate School of Journalism. "The candidates did."

Stern may be right, but the larger truth is that the candidates trivialized their campaigns in order to meet the demands of commercial TV news. The past had taught them that although a candidate might deliver a thoughtful speech, if he tripped and fell as he left the stage, that was all anyone would see on the news. TV covers only three things, says Bush's media guru, Roger Ailes. "Visuals, attacks and mistakes." Broadcast news, agrees Michael Deaver, Ronald Reagan's former imagemaker, is "primarily concerned with entertainment values."

Deaver helped Reagan exploit the media more effectively than any other U.S. President, mainly by limiting Reagan's appearances and carefully control-

porters found they could learn more by covering Bush headquarters than by traveling with the candidate.

Obligated to fill their nightly quota of Bush news, the networks went with what the Bush campaign did offer: a choreographed scene of the Vice President framed against the flag, attacking his opponent with pointed barbs tailored for TV. Meanwhile, Michael Dukakis was stuck in another era, holding almost daily press conferences. On TV he came across as defensive, weakly responding to Bush's assaults. After several weeks of losing out in the nightly sound-bite contest, he learned to play by the new rules: he withdrew. The video campaign was soon in full swing. Bush went to a flag factory; Dukakis rode a tank. "You guys have only yourselves to blame," Michael McCurry, Lloyd Bentsen's press secretary, told reporters. "You reward candidates who are inaccessible, and you punish candidates who want to be accessible."

By late September the networks decided they had had enough. Bush and Dukakis "are going to have to earn their way



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on to the air," said CBS News senior producer Brian Healy. But the conventions of journalism decree that the candidates are news no matter what they do. The networks did their best to air "third stories" on issues such as the budget deficit and defense, but they often still led their broadcasts with the obligatory first and second stories: the candidates' day. Most network reporters tried to point out the staged quality of the events they covered, but their brief stories nearly always included the images and sound bites prepared by the two campaigns. "If we get the visual that we want," says a senior Bush campaign adviser, "it doesn't matter as much what words the networks use in commenting on it."

More troubling was the fact that both the print and broadcast press frequently failed to point out the distortions in how the candidates painted each other's records. For instance, while many news organizations reported Bush's charge that Massachusetts furloughed a first-degree murderer named Willie Horton, who proceeded to rape a woman while on leave, few pointed out that the program had been instituted under a previous Republican Governor and that many states, including California under Governor Ronald Reagan, had similar furlough programs. Says



Dukakis started out talking to reporters almost daily, then withdrew

TV: its only concerns are "visuals, attacks and mistakes."

Kathleen Hall Jamieson, author of a history of campaign advertising, of the Bush spots: "Never before in a presidential campaign have televised ads sponsored by a major party candidate lied so blatantly." In their efforts to be fair and balanced, reporters were also reluctant to single out Bush for the negative tone of the campaign. Even though the Vice President was spending thousands more on negative ads than Dukakis and running them earlier, reporters generally blamed both sides equally for taking the low road.

Ironically, many political reporters have rewarded the Bush campaign for its negative strategy simply because it seems to be working. In the rarefied world inhabited by campaign operatives and reporters, successfully manipulating the process is a virtue in itself. "You said that this is a campaign not about ideology, it's about competence," NBC anchorman Tom Brokaw said to Dukakis last week. "What about the competence of the campaign?"

TV news executives are already looking back at Campaign '88 and wondering where they went wrong—and what they can do differently in 1992. "We have got to re-evaluate how we cover campaigns," says Roone Arledge, ABC News president. The networks are considering paying

less attention to the made-for-TV conventions, dropping the requirement for daily sound bites and concentrating on long-range issues.

By doing more original reporting and refusing to let the campaigns set the daily agenda for their newscasts, they could force the candidates to come out of their cocoons. Then perhaps viewers would witness a return to the bygone days when reporters and editors were the ones who picked the sound bites.

—Reported by Dan Goodgame/
Washington and Naushad S. Mehta/New York

To Endorse or Not

Editorialists hesitate and the Washington Post opts out

Voters who have had a hard time working up enthusiasm for either George Bush or Michael Dukakis have been learning from their local newspapers that they are not alone. Last week the trade weekly *Editor & Publisher* reported a surge, from 32% in 1984 to 55% this year, in the proportion of papers that had either decided not to endorse a candidate or remained undecided. Several that did endorse, including the New York *Times* and Dukakis' hometown Boston *Globe*, voiced uneasiness about both men. And in a striking setback for Dukakis, the liberal Washington *Post*, which had endorsed every Democratic candidate for President starting with George McGovern in 1972, withheld its support from both contenders.

In a stinging editorial that called this year's contest a "terrible campaign, a national disappointment," the *Post* faulted Bush for rhetoric that was "divisive, un-



worthy and unfair," but its pivotal objection was to what it saw as Dukakis' weak grasp of foreign policy. Other papers sounded almost regretful at having to choose either man. The Charlotte (N.C.) *Observer* editorial-page editor, Ed Williams, said his paper backed Dukakis "unenthusiastically," but pointed out that "voters do not enjoy the luxury of not en-

dorsing." The *Times* decried a "no-issue campaign" in which George Bush has run "irrelevantly, like someone seeking to be Grand Inquisitor" and Michael Dukakis has run "mechanically, like a candidate for Plant Superintendent." What tipped the scales to Dukakis for the *Times* was the budget deficit and Bush's plan to cut the capital-gains tax; for the *Globe*, it was Dan Quayle.

In fact, papers that wavered on Bush frequently cited Quayle as a reason. Some pro-Bush papers seemed to be endorsing the Reagan era more than embracing Bush himself. Said the Chicago *Tribune*: "All things considered, the Reagan legacy passing into the hands of a chosen and experienced heir looks like a better deal for the country than whatever new deal Governor Dukakis is trying to cook up." Of the 772 papers polled by *E&P*, 241 were for Bush, 103 for Dukakis and 428 on the fence. But while Dukakis drew more endorsements than Walter Mondale did in 1984, if fewer than Jimmy Carter in 1980, *E&P* reported, Bush was endorsed by fewer papers than backed Ronald Reagan in either year.

—By William A. Henry III

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- Power windows and door locks
- ComfortLink steering wheel
- Electronic speed control with resume speed



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- Dual sport mirrors
- Tinted glass
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- Auxiliary lighting
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- Floor console with storage and coin holder



M.S.R.P. INCLUDING SELECTED OPTIONS*	CASH BACK**	P.E.G. SAVINGS***	TOTAL SAVINGS	FINAL M.S.R.P.
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- Range Sound (ERS™) system and digital clock
- Power windows and door locks
- Electronic speed control with resume speed
- ComfortLink steering wheel
- Power seats (driver/passenger)
- Intermittent wipers
- Wire wheel covers with locks

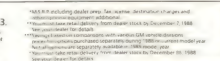


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- ComfortLink steering wheel
- Electronic speed control with resume speed
- Gauge package with trip odometer
- Two remote sport mirrors



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CLEAN GENE IS AT IT AGAIN

EUGENE McCARTHY, the low-key Pied Piper of the 1968 children's crusade against the war in Viet Nam, is a third-party candidate this year. He laughs at Bush and Dukakis, and says nice things about Reagan



Twenty years ago, the Minnesota Senator mobilized the forces of antiwar protest by daring to challenge President Lyndon Johnson. His candidacy then was an odd mixture of poetry and politics, of sardonic humor and philosophical discussion. McCarthy's latest race, on different tickets in different states, is more symbolic than serious, but he is still attempting to change the political system and is still full of irony and sarcasm. His new book, Required Reading, is a collection of his essays. He talked with TIME chief of correspondents John Stacks and New York bureau chief Bonnie Angelo.

Q. Why exactly are you running again?

A. There's a substantive reason first. I don't think the two parties are raising really critical issues. Second, there's a procedural reason. There is a need for continuing challenge to the two-party system that has been forced on us by state legislatures and federal election laws. And third, half the people don't participate in elections. With different procedures you'd have 70%, 80% of the people voting.

Q. What do you think of the other candidates in this race?

A. As the saying goes, Dukakis bites off more than he can chew, but Bush chews more than he bites off. I think that's a fair distinction.

Q. In your new book you categorically banned a fairly large pool of would-be Presidents: Governors, Vice Presidents, ministers, ministers' sons, generals, corporate presidents.

A. They weren't just theory. There's a realistic example that goes with all the exclusions—like Walter Mondale and George McGovern as ministers' sons.

Q. You proposed abolishing the vice presidency.

A. I'm serious about that. In 1803 there was a vote in the House on abolishing the vice presidency. It failed, 85 to 27. Handling succession would be easy. We did it with Ford when we had to [when Spiro Agnew was forced to resign in 1973]. It was simple. But instead of that method, I'd just reconvene the Electoral College. Under the Constitution, theoretically, they pick the President anyway, and the Vice President. It would give some meaning to the Electoral College.

The vice presidency clutters up the campaign. Even having Bentsen—you get a ticket with each person unbalanced in a different way, and you call it balance.

It's an insult to the electorate. It puts people in line to become either the candidate or the President who shouldn't be there. It wastes good people, takes them out of circulation for eight years and sometimes practically destroys them.

Humphrey, for example, was hurt by being Vice President, even if we hadn't had the war. Mondale was hurt politically, but Humphrey was almost made a different person by Johnson, whereas Mondale just had a little bit of a burden, having been there with Jimmy. I said Mondale was a good choice because he had the soul of a Vice President.

Q. In this campaign, the very word liberal is like a poison dart. Is liberalism dead in this country?

A. I think they made a mistake in not defending it. In the '60s liberalism had some standing. It was under fire, but it was acceptable. After that, progressively, the liberals began to qualify their liberalism, saying, "I'm not an unreconstructed liberal," or "I'm a sane liberal." First the con-

Interview

servatives and eventually the liberals began to attack it and qualify it until it eroded. Some of those people say, "We're neo-liberals." That can be anything.

Q. You're a paleo-liberal then, by that measure.

A. Now I say I'm a pure neo. Not a neo-liberal or liberal-neo. An existential neo. But this is a good place to rest. We ought to retire the word for about seven years.

Q. Do you think that Reagan and his popular successes have changed the nature of the presidency again?

A. He was, in a way, a very constitutional President. It was accidental, I think, but he didn't tamper with the court. He didn't really abuse the Senate. The Democrats just sort of surrendered. The same was true with the House of Representatives. I don't think he had a clear idea of the differentiation of functions.

I think the strength of Reagan was that he said we're going to make the society function again. Whereas the Democrats said, "We are going to take care of failures. We'll have more welfare and do more for the poor." Or "We'll take more people off the tax rolls." This came out of the Great Society—a handout state.

Q. I'm surprised you're not more offended by the Reagan presidency than you seem to be.

A. I'm kind of offended by the whole process. I'm offended by the candidates we have now. We're lucky we've got by as well as we have. But I was more offended by Carter than Reagan. Reagan had been kind of in national politics. It was bad stuff, but he had been out there saying things. Jimmy came on with his righteousness and the meeting on the mountain and firing everybody at midterm and taking us out of the Olympics, and the grain embargo. Reagan was not as pious as Jimmy. He said he was reborn but didn't know when it happened or what it did to him. Jimmy said he was reborn in the woods with his sister.

Q. Don't you think then that morality should figure into shaping policy?

A. Some. I guess. But I don't think you can get up and say it every morning, which is what Jimmy did.

Q. If you were to win with your coalition—to ask the Dan Quayle question—what would be the very first thing you would do as President?

A. At the White House. I'd carry the suitcases up, then check the location of the red telephone and see if it was working.

I don't think you worry so much on what to do first if you've been thinking and writing about the institutions, because you have an understanding of how the office functions. It isn't just a projection of the person—that's a thing that's been built up. We elect the person and then find out what we've got, what kind of a President he's going to be, when the institutions and the traditions ought to take care of about 90% of it.

Harry Truman had the clearest idea of what the insti-

tution was. He knew when he was Harry Truman and when he was President. He respected the other institutions of Government.

Q. Had it not been for Bob Kennedy, do you think you would have been President?

A. No. I don't think so, but I think we might have come very close to carrying the convention on the issue of the war, and we'd have been in a better position to try to force Humphrey to make some concessions.

Q. There must be some sense of considerable disappointment, to look back at '68 and realize what you did, the risk you took and what happened, to be a kind of prophet without honor.

A. That's really it. I guess. It didn't work. You take some consolation that we had to do it. Somebody had to do it. Then say, well, we gave the people a chance to have their say in the middle of the war.

But the fact is that the war went on and that the full force of the party was pretty well wiped out. But I think the party would have been fragmented and split anyway, even if we hadn't done it. If it had responded, I think the party would have had new vitality, as it did after '48, and civil rights. It would be a different party.

Q. I think there's a lingering sense—you can see it in this campaign—that the Democrats are a party of weakness, and there is almost a continual shooting of the messenger.

A. When people talk about the Viet Nam War being lost because of critics, I say, we didn't win—I lost. The party endorsed the war. And Nixon won and George McGovern lost.

Q. Do you think this country has digested the war experience?

A. I don't think so, no. It's curious that the Viet Nam Memorial is the most popular one in Washington. I wrote a thing about it. In the paper a soldier said, "This is a funny monument. It doesn't have any beginning or any ending." Just like the war.

Q. It keeps recurring, in art, in politics.

A. The whole thing was so corrupting. It corrupted the military. It made them dishonest. It made them do things that wouldn't otherwise be done. It corrupted the press. It corrupted the Administration, certainly. I'm sure they knew they were lying to us. And corrupted the Democratic Party. And actually, it started the country's fiscal disorder.

Q. You say you're offended by this year's campaign, and you certainly didn't care for the last Democratic President. Over the years, you've talked about politics as a vocation and a profession, yet you seem to have taken a turn away from politics.

A. You get kind of thrown out of the party and rejected. I've given the electorate a chance to vote for me in many conditions against all sorts of opponents. So you can't be hanging around the gate too much. I haven't started saying I told you so yet—that's the last step, and I'm holding off on that.

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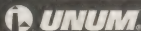
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The first gate, housed in a temporary scaffolding, is towed past the city's landmarks out to sea

Venice Fights Off the Flood Tides

A giant bulwark rises in the Adriatic as a barrier to acqua alta

The city of Venice, built on an archipelago in a 212-sq.-mi. lagoon, has long been perched on the edge of disaster. The magnitude of the threat became clear on Nov. 4, 1966, when a storm on the Adriatic Sea inundated St. Mark's Square in nearly 4 ft. of water and pounded the façade of its revered basilica. But Venetians have come to accept periodic flooding—*acqua alta* (high water). They call it—as a way of life, while city officials and the Italian government have been slow to realize that Venice's artistic and architectural treasures are in grave danger.

After decades of false starts, Venice has finally launched its "Moses project," the building of a giant seawall designed to part the waters and save the city from the sea. Last week, exactly 22 years after the great flood, a 200-ton steel box was towed across the Venice Lagoon and dropped in place at the Porto di Lido, one of the lagoon's three entrances. If the device works as planned, it will be the first of 60 to 70 sea gates that will eventually stretch 1.2 miles, sealing off the lagoon from the Adriatic Sea.

The action comes none too soon. For the past several hundred years Venice has been sinking—9 in. this century alone—because of geological shifts in the region and the draining of freshwater wells in and around the city. Although experts

believe the sinking has stopped, the city faces an equally threatening development: the slow rise of the Adriatic, largely as a result of a global warming trend that is causing the world's oceans and seas to expand gradually.

City officials debated various proposi-

tions for keeping out the sea, but there was no simple solution. A series of permanent dams was ruled out because that would worsen the city's already serious water pollution. Without the cleansing flow of tides into and out of the lagoon, the buildup of sewage and agricultural runoff would become intolerable. In 1982 the Italian government turned to a group of more than two dozen design, engineering and construction companies, mostly Italian, known as the New Venice Consortium. After five years of study, the consortium's engineers came up with a novel design for a flexible seawall that could be raised or lowered at will.

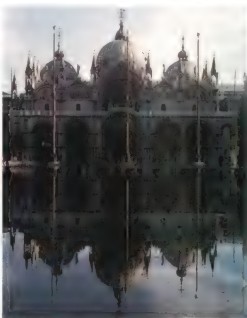
The wall will be made of dozens of individual gates that can be activated separately. Each unit is an empty steel box, nearly 12 ft. thick, 65 ft. wide and from 55 ft. to 88 ft. high, depending on sea depth. When not in use, the boxes will be filled with water and attached by a hinge to a concrete foundation buried in the lagoon bed. If an abnormally high tide threatens the city, the water inside the gates can be pumped out or displaced by compressed air. Suddenly buoyant, the gates swing on their hinges like the jaws of a crocodile, rising to a 45° angle, with the top about 3 ft. above the surface of the waves. After the storm has passed, water is pumped back into the gates, allowing them to sink back out of sight.

When the gates are up, they will oscillate with the sea. Thus even as they hold back the water, they will allow the sea's wave motion to pass to the lagoon. This will help prevent the gates from making the lagoon more stagnant and polluted. "The technology isn't new, but the combination is," says Franco De Siervo, technical director for the consortium. "There is nothing like it in the world."

Many details remain to be worked out. During the next eight months, the consortium will be testing different types of hinges to determine how well each holds up in the briny lagoon and how easily detachable they are. The engineers are hoping they will not have to dispatch divers to unhook a gate every time it has to be towed into port for cleaning. The consortium is also evaluating systems for scooping out the sediment that could clog the concrete foundations.

If all goes well, the last gates should be swung into place by 1995, forming a chain that will span the three shipping channels connecting the Venice Lagoon with the sea. The total cost is expected to be \$5 billion, a small price to pay to save a treasure like Venice.

By Philip Emer-De Witt
Reported by Cathy Booth/Venice



St. Mark's Square underwater: an all too familiar sight

After decades of false starts, Italy acts to save a treasure.

Technology

"The Kid Put Us Out of Action"

A grad-school whiz injects a virus into a huge computer network

It is one of the least publicized achievements of the computer revolution: a huge, arching communications network connecting 60,000 computers by high-speed data links and ordinary telephone lines. Developed by the U.S. Department of Defense's Advanced Research Projects Agency in the late 1960s, Arpanet, as the information grid is called, has carried everything from unclassified military data to electronic love notes sent from one lonely researcher to another. But last week it became the conduit for something much

Similar to its biological counterpart, an electronic virus is a program that copies itself by taking control of a computer's internal machinery. Unlike more malicious versions, the new virus did not destroy data stored in computers, but it did disrupt the work of tens of thousands of researchers hooked into Arpanet. It also penetrated unclassified branches of a second, more secure network called Milnet, which is used by military researchers. Said a Government computer expert: "The kid simply put us out of action."

"The kid," according to the New

computers. But a tiny mistake in the programming reportedly caused the virus to replicate much more rapidly than planned. Otherwise, Morris' program was an impressive piece of work. It flew around Arpanet and Milnet at nearly the speed of light, disguised as a piece of ordinary electronic mail. Once inside a computer, it released a small army of surreptitious subprograms. One instructed the computer to make hundreds of copies of the original program. Another searched out the names of the users with legitimate access to the system and identified their secret passwords. A third told the computer to send copies of the original program to every other system on its mailing list.

The outbreak sent computer scientists scrambling to halt its spread. Russell Brand, who works for California's Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, was one of the first to spot the problem. A quick survey of the lab's 400 machines showed that several computers had already been infected and that the contagion was growing rapidly. By early Thursday, computer operators had shut the system down and begun cleaning out the files. Then, recalls one of Brand's colleagues, "30 seconds after we restarted the system, the infection was back."



more dramatic: one of the most sophisticated and infectious computer viruses the world has yet seen.

The trouble surfaced in computer centers at two institutions that serve as major network links: M.I.T. and the University of California, Berkeley. Last Wednesday night computers at both centers started furiously generating unwanted electronic files, clogging up their storage systems and slowing operations to a crawl. Almost immediately, similar problems began turning up at other centers throughout the network, from the Naval Research Laboratory in Washington to New Mexico's Los Alamos National Laboratory. Within hours, operators shut down thousands of machines across the country to quarantine them, severing their connections to other computers and rendering productive work all but impossible.

Last week's infection was the latest manifestation of an epidemic of viruses that has struck the U.S. in the past year.

York Times, turned out to be Robert T. Morris Jr., a 23-year-old graduate student at Cornell University. His father is Robert Morris Sr., chief scientist at the National Computer Security Center in Maryland. The center, a division of the National Security Agency, works to protect Government computers from outside attack. The elder Morris, who was one of the first researchers to experiment with viruses at AT&T's Bell Laboratories in the early 1960s, when they were still considered a game, is a top expert on combating the kind of sabotage in which his son allegedly engaged. The father would not discuss the case in detail, but admitted that his son was "very well trained in computer science" and said the episode sounded like "the work of a bored graduate student."

The younger Morris apparently created the virus as an experiment, intending that it would slowly copy itself across Arpanet, resting harmlessly in thousands of

Other computer centers had better luck. The Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, Calif., alerted to the problem by colleagues at Ames Research Center in Moffett Field, Calif., immediately "guillotined" their computers from the network to keep from getting hit. As a preventive measure, Maryland's Goddard Space Flight Center shut off its system on Thursday. Eventually, the Defense Department brought down both Arpanet and Milnet and began efforts to tighten the security of the networks.

By week's end the contagion was largely contained. Defense Department officials were quick to point out that no data had been lost, no files destroyed, and none of the Government's most sensitive computer operations—systems that do everything from gather intelligence to launch missiles—had been compromised. But the event raised disturbing questions. "It shouldn't be so easy," says Lawrence Rogers, head of Princeton's Office of Computing and Information Technology. Harold Highland, editor of *Computers & Security* magazine, sees a useful lesson. "This attack is a wake-up call to all operators and users of computer networks," he says. In an interview with the *Times*, Robert Morris Sr. agreed: "It is likely to make people more careful and more attentive to vulnerabilities in the future."

—By Philip Elmer-DeWitt, Reported by Thomas McCarroll/New York and Bruce van Voorst/Washington

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Jeep

Sport

The N.C.A.A. Calls "Foul!"

Kansas basketball is whistled down for recruiting violations

When you live next door to the cops, it is best to keep your nose clean. The University of Kansas in Lawrence, only 35 miles from the headquarters of the National Collegiate Athletic Association in Mission, Kans., last week painfully learned that lesson. The N.C.A.A. put the Kansas basketball program, which produced last year's national champions, on probation for three years and withdrew one of its 13 athletic scholarships. The reason: Kansas improperly spent some \$1,200 to recruit an athlete who ended up not playing for the Jayhawks anyway. The most hurtful part of the N.C.A.A. action was its ban on postseason competition, which makes Kansas the first team to be unable to defend its title in the play-offs.

Although severe, the penalties were not unprecedented. The N.C.A.A. stringently enforces its codes governing recruiting and payments to athletes. Over the years, New Mexico and North Carolina State, among others, have been hit with probation. Both the football and basketball programs at the University of Cincinnati were disciplined late last week for rules violations, and Southern Methodist University's football program is currently serving the N.C.A.A.'s "death penalty"—a one-year total ban on competition—because players took under-the-table money.

The investigation of Kansas basket-



The Jayhawks beating Oklahoma for the title last April

Severe penalties over a prospect who never suited up.

ball, according to an N.C.A.A. report that mentioned no names, focused on a "highly visible transfer student." Most observers think the player is former Memphis State star Vincent Askew, 22. Askew was urged to transfer to Kansas by then Jayhawks coach Larry Brown, who left this spring to pilot the N.B.A.'s San Antonio Spurs. Askew spent the summer of 1986 on the Lawrence campus but did not sign on. He returned to Memphis.

Whoever the unnamed athlete was, the N.C.A.A. says that among other things

he received a \$183 airline ticket from Kansas representatives, was paid \$297.12 for work he did not perform and was lent \$350 for a family problem—all relatively minor breaches of the recruiting rules,

perhaps, but ones that the N.C.A.A. pointedly made an issue of on principle. "When I left Kansas," said Brown last week, "I was led to believe that this was no big deal. I now realize that every time you are investigated by the N.C.A.A., it's a big deal."

The penalties could have been worse. The Kansas football program was put on probation from 1983 to '85. When a school is guilty of two violations within five years, the N.C.A.A. can invoke the death penalty. "Kansas was on the bubble," commented David Berst, N.C.A.A. director of enforcement, "but no severe violations involved any of the players on the team." Kansas athletic director Robert Frederick said the school will not appeal the probation, which will subject recruiting to rigorous scrutiny.

Kansas is not alone in its troubles: 20 other college programs are on N.C.A.A.-ordered probation, and further hard-nosed action is expected. Five-time basketball champion University of Kentucky may face disciplinary action next year. The Oklahoma and Oklahoma State football programs have been asked by the N.C.A.A. to answer accusations of recruiting irregularities. In sheer volume of charges, the University of Houston may top the list. Some 250 alleged violations have been charged against its football program.

—By J.D. Reed

Reported by Carolyn Coleman/Lawrence

Milestones

DISCHARGE ORDERED. John McKeel, 35, Marine staff sergeant who was one of the 52 Americans held for 444 days by Iranian fanatics after the 1979 storming of the U.S. embassy in Tehran, at Camp Pendleton, Calif. McKeel wanted to stay in the corps, and argued that his captivity-induced trauma was manageable. He will be honorably discharged this month.

ARRESTED. John Irish, 47, who impersonated a Roman Catholic priest at the scene of the August 1987 crash of Northwest Flight 255 near Detroit, on fraud charges; in Belleville, Ont. Police say that Irish, after consoling grieving relatives of crash victims, steered them to a Florida attorney to handle damage suits against Northwest. The airline claims the impostor defrauded it of \$1,100 in hotel and food expenses.

RECOVERING. Mike Ditka, 49, hot-tempered head coach of the Chicago Bears, from a heart attack; in Lake Forest, Ill. Ditka, who led the Bears to victory in the 1986 Super Bowl, was stricken three days after a shattering 30-7 loss to the New England Patriots.

DIED. James Shepley, 71, investigative reporter, magazine publisher and president of Time Inc. from 1969 to 1980; of cancer; in Houston. Shepley served as a TIME-LIFE correspondent in Europe and the Pacific during World War II, and as TIME's Washington bureau chief in the 1950s. After stints as publisher of FORTUNE and TIME, Shepley became the company's chief operating officer in 1969. During his stewardship, Time Inc. launched *People* and *Money* magazines and the Home Box Office cable network.

DIED. John Houseman, 86, impresario and actor whose talents ranged from producing the Virgil Thomson-Gertrude Stein opera *Four Saints in Three Acts* in the '30s to playing an imperious television pitchman for Smith Barney in the '80s; of spinal cancer; in Malibu, Calif. As Orson Welles' partner in radio's *Mercury Theater*, Houseman helped write and produce the panic-inducing 1938 broadcast of *The War of the Worlds*. After 20 years of producing movies, he became a celebrity through the role of Professor Kingsfield in the 1973 film *The Paper Chase*.

DIED. George Uhlenbeck, 87, pioneering physicist who in 1925, with colleague Samuel Goudsmit, propounded the electron-spin theory, which helped explain the magnetic properties of atoms; in Boulder.

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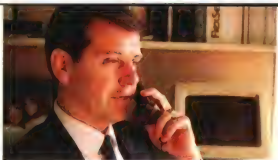
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Video



British troops bury a casualty during the North African campaign: equal parts history and hokum, spectacle and soap opera

The Most Everything Mini-Series

ABC's mammoth War and Remembrance could be the last of a dying breed

BY RICHARD ZOGLIN

The era that TV historians may one day call the Age of the Mini-Series began in January 1977. That was when ABC telecast an eight-night adaptation of Alex Haley's *Roots* and changed the face of television. *Roots* proved that TV dramas, once confined to neat two-hour blocks, could draw huge audiences when stretched into week-long programming "events." Not all the mini-series

that followed *Roots* were hits, but a few—*Holocaust* in 1978, *Shogun* in 1980, *The Thorn Birds* in 1983—have been among the most watched TV programs ever.

The event that TV historians may one day call the Last Gasp of the Mini-Series will come next week. That is when ABC launches the biggest, most expensive, most just-about-everything-else mini-series in TV history: Herman Wouk's *War and Remembrance*. A sequel to Wouk's *The Winds of War*, which drew vast rat-

ings back in 1983, the drama will spend 32 hours (17½ this month, an additional 14 or so next spring) recounting America's experience in World War II, mostly through the eyes of a fictional naval officer, Victor ("Pug") Henry, and his family.

A lot has happened to TV since Pug and his clan last faded from the screen. Network audiences have dropped precipitously, and mini-series can no longer count on big audiences. What's more, the rising cost of these productions—and the



Author Wouk with a model used in the filming: no laxatives, no foot powder

AIMING FOR A BLOCKBUSTER

BIGGEST. Shooting of *War and Remembrance* began in January 1986 and spanned 21 months and ten countries. The 1,492-page script included 2,070 scenes and 358 speaking parts.

LONGEST. The series will run 32 hours, the first 17½ this month in seven episodes over eleven days. The conclusion will air next year, probably in May.

COSTLIEST. At \$110 million, it is the most expensive mini-series ever. Ad time is selling for \$275,000 per 30-second spot. Yet ABC expects a \$20 million loss.

RISKIEST? The network is promising major advertisers an average 21 rating, meaning 21% of all TV homes—a far cry from the 38.6 rating that its predecessor, *The Winds of War*, drew in 1983.

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Video

fact that they usually do badly in reruns—have made them poor investments. The networks, as a result, have largely abandoned them in favor of more modest four- and six-hour dramas. *War and Remembrance* is an anachronism even before it airs. "It's hard to say 'never,'" says ABC Entertainment president Brandon Stoddard, "but it's very unlikely we'll ever see a story told with this magnitude again."

Some ABC executives may regret that

that, it may even rekindle network interest in these extravagant sagas.

If not, future excavators can pore over the bones of *War and Remembrance* and see (in the fall chapters, at least) the definitive example of a once flourishing breed: a lumbering but amiable dinosaur, equal parts history and hokum, spectacle and soap opera. The historical narrative plays best, as the series provides a lucid account of the key battles and decisions on which

Robert Morley, 80, remotely believable as a globe-trotting BBC war correspondent. As for Robert Mitchum, back again as Pug Henry, his performance is mainly a series of glum, hound-dog stares.

Among the cast's octogenarians, John Gielgud fares best as a Jewish author trying to escape from Europe with his niece, Pug's daughter-in-law (Jane Seymour). Naive, stubborn and rather dotty, Gielgud grows in stature as the pillars of his ordered world are toppled one by one. Most of the other personal stories in *War and Remembrance* are drab and attenuated. A few major characters meet untimely deaths, but the tragedies seem inserted merely for an emotional jolt and a weak nod at "realism": a glimpse of grieving loved ones, then on with the show.

And it does go on. By the end of the fall installment, the series has only reached July 1943. That's roughly one hour for each month of the war; there are college history courses that move faster. By hour nine or ten, the attractions have been reduced mainly to the occasional scenes with Adolf Hitler, played with eye-popping flamboyance by Steven Berkoff.

Still, worse mini-series have managed to entrance the nation—*The Winds of War*, for one—and Capital Cities Communications may have been right to gamble shortly after it took over the network in 1986. One of its first decisions was whether to pull the plug on the project and take a \$17 million loss. Recalls Stoddard: "We sat down at a meeting, and I said, 'Hi, how are you? Do you want to spend \$100 million?' " The decision to go ahead, he asserts, was "an act of tremendous courage on their part."

Getting it finished was an act of tremendous perseverance on the part of Dan Curtis, the burly, tough-talking director and executive producer who spent five years on the project. Locations ranged from the waters off Hawaii for the Pacific battle scenes to the death camp at Auschwitz, the first time a dramatic-film crew has been allowed there. Shooting had to be stopped for one week when Curtis caught pneumonia; at another point, he had to squelch a near mutiny of crew members, who were reluctant to go to Poland after the nuclear accident at Chernobyl. Says Curtis: "It was a life adventure."

Some TV insiders still hold out hope that it won't be the last. "A huge performance would be a disappointment to ABC's competitors from a ratings standpoint," says Pat Faulstich, CBS's vice president of TV movies and mini-series. "But it would be cause for celebration in restoring a unique program form to network TV." Translation: If ABC's *War* draws a big enough crowd, the mini-series' last gasp may turn out to be a breath of new life.

—Reported by Elaine Dutka/Los Angeles



Gielgud and Seymour try to elude the Nazis; Mitchum as "Pug" Henry at Guadalcanal; Bellamy as Roosevelt and Robert Hardy as Churchill relax between war councils

they are telling this one. In selling ABC the rights to his 1,042-page tome, author Wouk (who also co-wrote the teleplay) demanded stringent restrictions on advertising. No commercials for personal-care products such as laxatives and foot powder. No commercial breaks longer than two minutes. Perhaps most galling to the network, no promotional spots for other ABC shows except at the beginning and end of each episode.

At a cost of \$110 million, *War and Remembrance* will wind up losing the network at least \$20 million. ABC executives calculate. Still, if it achieves the average 21 rating that has been promised to major advertisers, the series will be counted a success. If it does significantly better than

the war turned. It also dramatizes, with chilling bluntness, the Nazi atrocities at Auschwitz, as well as the slaughter of Jews at Babi Yar. Few lines on network TV are as shocking as the remark of a Nazi officer on hearing the wails from inside a gas chamber: "It sounds like a synagogue."

As usual with such TV epics, however, the fly-on-the-wall scenes with famous figures are stilted and unconvincing. "Franklin, we shall have that evil man!" announces a determined Churchill after a wartime meeting with Roosevelt. Replies F.D.R.: "I believe we shall. Winston." Ralph Bellamy, 84, who first played F.D.R. 30 years ago in *Sunrise at Campobello*, seems a bit creaky for another round with the cigarette holder. Nor is

People

BY HOWARD G. CHUA-EOAN / Reported by Kathleen Brady

Shots from the Lip and a Busted Nose for News

Well, perhaps the devil made them do it. In the afterglow of his controversial TV documentary on Satanism, **Geraldo Rivera** found himself in a melee with skinheads while taping a show on the violent young white supremacists. The ruckus began after **John Metzger** of the White Aryan Resistance called **Roy Innis**, chairman of the Congress of Racial Equality, an Uncle Tom. Innis put a choke hold on Metzger, chairs were thrown, and a score of people wrestled on the floor. "With skinheads, something was bound to break."



said Innis. What broke as well was Rivera's nose, which emerged bloodied from the battle. "Sit down!" he shouted at the audience, then declared into a camera. "Let's take a break and come right back." The entire show will air later this month on *Geraldo*. As for the nose, the tabloid telejournalist underwent reconstructive surgery the day after the incident.

Keep the Bonfire Burning

"I meant to write it in two years," says **Tom Wolfe** of his first novel, *The Bonfire of the Vanities*. "But it took me over six." Last week an exultant Wolfe marked the book's first year on the best-seller lists. "I was past 50

when I took up fiction," he says. "It was not the right time in one's career to do a novel." But this father of the *New Journalism* is planning more fiction. "The temptation was too great," he said. "I am doing the reporting for a novel that I am now calling *The New America*." Reporting? "A writer should be a reporter. I don't find fiction and nonfiction vastly different universes."

Proletarian Tastes

"It was sick, and hip in some strange way," **JACQUELINE BISSET** says of *Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills*, a film she completed a couple of weeks ago. Due in theaters in March, the comedy has Bisset playing a sitcom diva past her prime who flirts with the help, including **RAY**

SHARKEY, who has the role of Frank the biker, a neighbor's houseman. Says director **PAUL BARTEL** (*Eating Raoul*): "I wanted to push the limit of comedy beyond what we are used to. The struggle was to find an actress who was up to the extremes I wanted." Observes Bisset: "The dialogue is written with a touch of irony and a touch of arch." Yes, but in such extremes, was she up to the delivery?





Partying Toward the Edge

Is that a lamp glowing under your dinner table? If it is, you're probably at one of the glitzy bashes created by **Robert Isabell**, the party planner of choice for the likes of **Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg**, **Geoffrey Beene**, **Christian Lacroix** and **Blaine Trump**. For **Cher's** Halloween party, he completely redid the shabby ballroom of a Manhattan hotel, painting it silver, pumping dry-ice smoke across the floor and suiting up the waiters with butterfly wings. Says Isabell: "The trick is to have an edge without ever falling into the ridiculous." So please don't kick over the lamp.

You Wanna Be Famous?

Sometimes it pays to barge in uninvited. **Vendela Kirsebom** was celebrating her 13th birthday in a Stockholm restaurant when modeling maven **Eileen Ford** crashed the party. The Kirseboms politely told the beauty scout that their daughter had no interest in modeling. But Ford persisted. Recalls Vendela: "She said I should stay skinny and take care of my skin." Five years later, Ford finally snared the young Swede,



and this week the 21-year-old becomes the new Elizabeth Arden woman, complete with a fat seven-figure contract. Guess who gets a cut?

It's Official: All for One And One For Four

Once upon a time, in the Buddhist kingdom of Bhutan, which is tucked between jungle gorges and the

Himalayas, there lived four sisters. In nine years the sisters had borne four boys and four girls by and for their workaholic King, **Jigme Singye Wangchuk**, 33. But the King always implied that he was a bachelor, which greatly perturbed his people. For how could the King have an official



From Grand to Light Oprah

Enough with the fat jokes! For years **OPRAH WINFREY** let too much come between her and the size 10 Calvin Klein jeans in her closet. "I'm tired of this being a problem!" she declared last July. "I'm going to settle it." Fans have since had less and less of Oprah to love. Rumor had her giving up solid food and subsisting on liquid protein for four months. Her slimming secret will be out on Nov. 15, when she tells audiences of her 65-lb. descent from Grand to Light Oprah. And those jeans may finally come out of the closet.



heir if he had no official wife? Then last week His Majesty put everyone at ease. He named his eldest son **Jigme Gesar Namgyal** crown prince and, before dawn on the day Buddha descended to earth, married the boy's mother—and her three sisters to boot. Noblesse oblige.

And Then There Was Billy

At 70, the century's most popular Protestant is busier than ever

BY RICHARD N. OSTLING

Jim and Tammy, Jimmy, Jerry, Oral Pat. With other evangelistic stars beset by scandal, political controversy or organizational woe, the untainted Billy Graham remains America's most admired religious leader. And the most durable. "My schedule is just as heavy as when I was 40," says Graham, who this week reached 70. His 1988 itinerary has featured revival meetings, drop-ins at both U.S. political conventions and breakthrough tours in two Communist lands.

It was 50 years ago that a rawboned young Billy delivered his first sermon one cold night before 36 Baptists in Bostwick, Fla. Since then, he has preached in person to upwards of 100 million people, more than any other clergyman in history except perhaps Pope John Paul. With recent appearances in Buffalo, Rochester and Hamilton, Ont., Graham has achieved a remarkable four-decade run of 375 carefully choreographed revival meetings along a civilized sawdust trail.

When Graham preaches nowadays, those piercing blue eyes flash from behind bifocals, the honey-brown mane of hair is fringed with white, and it takes a half-second longer to uncoil his 6-ft. 2-in. frame when he stands up to preach. But the lilting Carolina voice, firm as ever, still stirs the stadiums. Graham's simple messages always conclude with words like these: "I'm going to ask you to get up out of your seat and come forward to say, 'I open my heart to Jesus as Lord and Savior.'" To date, say the Graham computers, 2.2 million people have responded.

In Graham's twilight years, the 1950s Red baiter has been targeting the Communist world. Over the past decade, Graham has managed to preach salvation and world peace in Poland, East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Hungary and—three times—the Soviet Union. Last April he conducted his first tour of mainland China, where his wife Ruth was raised by missionary parents. Prior to the arduous three-week visit, he was briefed by Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger; during it, he was the second foreign dignitary (after Corazon Aquino) to be received by new Premier Li Peng.

On a 1982 Soviet visit, Graham

was lambasted for downplaying religious repression; he contends he was more effective by raising the problem in private. When the post-*glasnost* Graham preached last June at Orthodox and Baptist churches in Kiev, the authorities allowed outdoor loudspeakers for the overflow crowds, numbering in the thousands. During the Soviet adventures, he added admiration for the Eastern Orthodox to his longtime friendliness toward Roman Catholics. "I find the Lord's people among all these groups," remarks Graham, whose toleration infuriates Fundamentalists.

Relaxing at his elegant mountainside log house at Montreat, N.C., Graham recalled his ten-day Soviet marathon with wonderment: "You couldn't believe that human beings could live through it at any age." How long will this keep up? In 1989 there will be a London mission, linked by satellite to hundreds of sites in Britain and Africa, Graham is mulling bids from Hong Kong for 1990, and after that Barcelona, Buenos Aires and Kinshasa. His doctor hopes he can persist till age 75, but Graham wonders, "To try to hold the at-

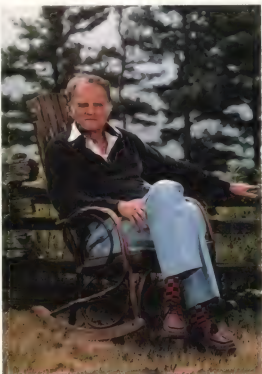
tention of a crowd of ten, twenty, thirty thousand people takes a tremendous amount of energy. In the next year I'll know how much it takes out of me."

One reason to keep on the road is Graham's conviction that "I don't see anybody in Scripture retiring from preaching." Another is that no new Billy is waiting in the wings. In fact, Graham could be the last of the big-time Protestant revivalists—at least in the West, where TV has overtaken in-person meetings. Nor is anyone in line to take over Graham's organization (1987 contributions: \$60.2 million). The association is cutting back but still sponsors periodic prime-time telecasts on 270 North American stations, a weekly show on 517 radio stations and numerous special projects. The only monuments Graham will leave behind are archives at Wheaton College and a North Carolina study center.

Instead of bricks and mortar, Graham's heritage will consist of the huge Evangelical movement that he, more than any other individual, created. Though the born-againers now dominate the U.S. Protestant landscape, Graham recalls that "when I started, the Evangelicals had no power at all. Liberalism held sway over everything." Yet he has shied away from asserting leadership over the Evangelical flock, maintaining that he lacks "the intellectual qualifications."

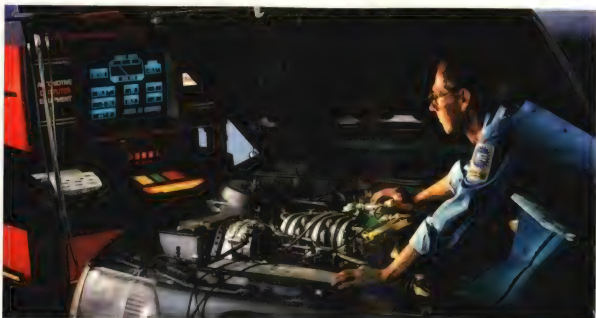
He shies even further away from comment on the recent misadventures of fellow evangelists, just as in earlier times he ducked confrontation with Fundamentalists and liberals. "I don't like to get into personalities," Graham says. "I feel these people are being handled by the Holy Spirit and the churches and the public. What they need from me is love and prayer." He would like to think that Evangelicalism has become "stronger spiritually" through the tumult.

The chaos might have been prevented if other evangelists had emulated Graham, who in 1950 gave control of his affairs to a board of businessmen. To keep things clean, they let local committees control revival offerings, and Graham gets a straight salary, currently \$59,100, plus his \$19,700 clergy-housing allowance. Graham has not kept any speaker fees since 1951 and has given away all royalties on his best-selling books since 1960. From the very beginning of his career, says the evangelist, "I was frightened—I still am—that I would do something to dishonor the Lord." So far, so good. ■



Between engagements: relaxing at his North Carolina home
"I don't see anybody in Scripture retiring from preaching."

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Art

A Tortoise Obsessed with Oily Stuff

Painter Leon Kossoff prevails by plying a rich tradition

BY ROBERT HUGHES

The show of paintings by the English artist Leon Kossoff, which opened last week at the Robert Miller Gallery in New York City, ought to provoke some reflection. Kossoff, 61, is hardly known in America. He is one of the two English tortoises (the other being Frank Auerbach) who are crossing the finish line just when most of the short-winded art hyped in the 1980s has gone dead on its feet. Both are, so to speak, redemptive artists: sustaining and enlarging a tradition of the expressive human figure that seems largely to have been colonized by ham-fisted ephemerals. When neoexpressionism arrived in the early '80s, it was as though an army of Bronze Age hectors had assembled, chanting hoarsely of sex, anxiety, death and egotism, leaving long tracks of slimy paint and broken crockery behind them in their progress toward the art centers of the world. The dull percussion of beaten chests went on for around five years. Then a dying fall. And who lasted? Not many, and not always the ones who were expected to. In Germany, Anselm Kiefer; in America, Susan Rothenberg; and in England, Auerbach and Kossoff.

The son of a Jewish baker, Kossoff grew up in the East End of London. After being discharged from the army at the end of World War II, he studied under David Bomberg—once a prodigy of the vorticism movement but by 1947 a forgotten man, a failure, whose stature as a painter is only now being recognized. Bomberg gave Kossoff two things: first, a grounding in the relations between modernism and the past, based on unrelenting drawing from life, which has practically been wiped out of art training in the past 20 years; and second, patience, a sense of endurance.

As a result, Kossoff's work went naturally against the grain. A figurative painter when abstract art was the rage, he sinned by embracing premature neoexpressionism back in the '50s and '60s. When painting was required to be thin, linear and efflorescent, Kossoff stuck to delving into the images and people around him and the memories within. His scenes of public baths, markets and Underground entrances are packed with



A STREET IN WILLESDEN, 1985

The flattened, isolated figures might in other hands have turned sentimental, an exercise in mere pathos—the Lonely Crowd. But Kossoff's inherent toughness, his impeccable sense of pictorial structure, make sure they do not.

small figures, stuck in their social matrix, as though in jam (especially given Kossoff's dense pigment)—a pictorial equivalent, as it were, of the double meaning of the Hebrew word *olam*, which means world but also crowd. A painting like *A Street in Willesden*, 1985, reminds one of how pointless the stereotypes about English art have become. It is not anecdotal, witty, light or conversational. Rather, the opposite. In Kossoff, an obdurate grandeur of intention is coupled with a deep sense of cultural continuity. What other living painter can embed groups of figures in deep space with such conviction?

Kossoff is, above all, a painter obsessed with oily stuff. His paint is thick without being rhetorical. The surface develops by addition, sometimes over months, and contains an extraordinary range of nuances both in color and in texture: tremulous depths of pinkish-gray held within the shallow planes of a face, innumerable gradations of Venetian red and salmon pink in the body of a nude, rescued from mere allusiveness by the vehement drawing of shadow that gives Kossoff's work its tonal framework. Its solidity is relieved, almost involuntarily, by the whipping of skeins of pigment fall-

en directly from the brush, which work as a form of counterdrawing, lifting the thick surfaces from inertia.

Light counts for a great deal in Kossoff's work. The paint is never opaque; it contains streaks and underglows, akin to the suppressed radiance in Rembrandt's midtones. And there is atmosphere too. One particularly senses it in Kossoff's view of Christ Church in Spitalfields. This tall, slender building, designed by the English baroque architect Nicholas Hawksmoor, acquires a comatose power: the columns of its portico look as thick and squat as those of Karnak, repeating the compression of Kossoff's nudes and heads. But it is the light that one most remembers, a pale, almost chalky emanation from the grainy whites and subtle grays that seems to bathe and lift the whole image. Substance is light. Such paintings, and others like *Here Comes the Diesel*, 1987 (a train passing through a cutting in North London), connect Kossoff back to late Constable, with their flickering impasto, their palpable joy in light and freshness embodied in substance. In his effort to squeeze so much from the world, Kossoff is a wholly traditional painter; only his anxiety about whether it can be done makes him a late-modern one. ■

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Cinema

Star-Crossed Mothers

A CRY IN THE DARK Directed by Fred Schepisi
Screenplay by Robert Caswell and Fred Schepisi

THE GOOD MOTHER Directed by Leonard Nimoy
Screenplay by Michael Bortman

BY RICHARD SCHICKEL

These are variations on motherhood's worst-case scenario: you turn your back for a moment or make, under pressure of conflicting emotions, what seems to you only a minor error in judgment, and suddenly your child is snatched from you. For Lindy Chamberlain (Meryl Streep) in *A Cry in the Dark*, the loss is permanent: she never sees her baby again, alive or dead. For Anna Dunlap (Diane Keaton) in *The Good Mother*, the outcome is not quite so cruel: she faces losing custody of her daughter Molly, but not the child's death. Yet both mothers find themselves in court, desperately defending themselves against society's determination to misunderstand their motives, to turn tormented consciences into legally guilty ones.

Ironically, Chamberlain's story, which is a true one, is infinitely more bizarre, and in the end more emotionally devastating, than Dunlap's, which is adapted from a popular novel. It was precisely because what occurred to Chamberlain one night in 1980 was so improbably eerie, so Stephen Kingish really, that she found herself convicted of murder. With her husband Michael (Sam Neill), her two sons and her nine-week-old baby Azaria, she was in a crowded campsite in the Australian outback. She put the infant to bed in a tent, returned to the barbecue. Shortly, she heard Azaria cry out and saw a wild dog, a dingo, carrying the baby off into the wilderness. A search was organized, but neither animal nor prey was ever found.

It was as if a myth had emerged from

the collective unconscious, taken the form of a slaving shadow and made a murderous foray against the ordinary order of things. People simply did not want to believe it. The police, the public, the press kept trying to convert resonant mystery into conventional tabloid sordidness. The Chamberlains were devout Seventh-Day Adventists, and, since most people know little about that faith, wild rumors that it encouraged ritual murder soon surfaced. Worse, Lindy refused to play the archetypal role that this drama called for. She would not grieve hysterically for the reporters. Throughout her ordeal she was altogether too combative in her own defense, too openly contemptuous of misinformed public opinion.

A Cry in the Dark insists on cutting away from the Chamberlains' personal drama to show, efficiently and effectively, how mass journalism, ever in search of uncomplicated images, feeds the mass mind's need for simple ideas. It is also savagely critical of expert forensic witnesses in criminal cases. In short, it is a movie relentlessly true to its own belief that what is too quickly grasped may be misunderstood. Streep's performance is in that vein, awesomely tough-minded. No actress has ever played a victim more austere. Flat-voiced, pinching off every temptation to high drama, she refuses to force this character on us. Instead, she asks us to search, as she must have had to, for the hard, pure, exemplary and not easily endearing innocence she found in Lindy Chamberlain.

We respond to her art in the best way, with clear, dry eyes.

We emerge from Keaton's exertions in *The Good Mother* in the same condition, but for less inspiring reasons. She works herself into a state of perpetual breathlessness trying to demonstrate that her Anna is worthy of the film's title. But she cannot quite withstand the contempt caused by the central carelessness of the story. She is introduced as a woman raised in a repressed family and recently escaped from a sexually frigid marriage. Set free erotically by—who else?—a respectfully bohemian sculptor (Liam Neeson).



Lost: Streep and child in *A Cry in the Dark*

she is perhaps too proud of and too grateful for the achievement. One night her daughter (Asia Vieira), scared by a bad dream, invades their bed and is permitted to cuddle in, after which the adults resume their lovemaking. Later, the child enters the bathroom when the artist is showering, and he indulges her curiosity by permitting her to touch his penis. She, of course, tells her father, and he sues to regain custody. Good mother and good lover defend themselves by evoking the doctrine that openness is preferable to furtiveness if children are to grow up with a healthy attitude toward sex.

Yeah, sure. But there are moments when a lady should know enough to pull the covers up, times when a gentleman knows he must grab for a towel—despite their liberal beliefs. Discretion too is part of good sex—not to mention good parenting. This is not to say this film is tastelessly made, but to suggest that it is hard to charm either a court—or an audience—into understanding, or forgiving, true simplicity. ■



Caught in a custody case: Keaton and Vieira in *The Good Mother*

There are moments when discretion is part of good sex.

Books

Mercenary Monsters From Manila

THE MARCOS DYNASTY

by Sterling Seagrave

Harper & Row; 485 pages; \$22.50

BY JOHN ELSON

Start with the veracity of Joe Isuzu. Add the civic virtue of Al Capone, the greed of Ivan Boesky, the gentility of a Chinese Seas pirate. Wed this paragon to a bimbo on the make with the vanity of a Marie Antoinette and a shopping lust that would turn a Beverly Hills divorcee envy-green. Multiply by ten and you have, approximately, the portraits of Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos that Sterling Seagrave paints in this merciless account of the Filipino dictator's rise and fall.

In a now famous aperçu, author Mary McCarthy charged that everything written by playwright-memoirist Lillian Hellman was a lie, "including 'and' and 'the.'" Much the same, Seagrave argues, could be said of Ferdinand Marcos, who blithely concocted a past for his official biographies that bore scant relationship to the truth. Ferdinand claims to be the first son of Mariano Marcos, a provincial teacher and sometime member of Congress. According to Seagrave, there is strong circumstantial evidence—including his subject's distinctively sinoid features—that the real father was Judge Ferdinand Chua, scion of a wealthy, politically powerful Chinese clan who came to the rescue at crucial moments in Marcos' early career.

In the episode that first brought him national notoriety, Marcos responded to a slighting of family honor in a manner worthy of Michael Corleone. In 1935 Mariano Marcos was unexpectedly defeated for a third term in the Philippine House of Representatives by a neighbor, Julio Nalundasan. When the victor flaunted this triumph in a humiliating manner, Ferdinand, who had been a member of his university's shooting team, hid in the orchard one night outside Nalundasan's home and at an opportune moment coolly fired two shots from a long-barreled 22-cal. pistol. Ferdinand was found guilty of murder but was eventually freed by the Supreme Court of the Philippines—after an intervention, Seagrave says, by the ever helpful Judge Chua.

For many years it was taken as gospel that Marcos was the most decorated Filipino soldier of World War II. Technically that is true: while running for President in 1965 he nudged the Senate into retroac-



Excerpt

Ferdinand Marcos may yet earn a place in history as an extraordinarily gifted politician who gave his countrymen what they really wanted in a leader, and still had the energy and the cunning left to swindle the people who helped put him there. If his kidneys had not failed him, the dynasty he founded might have become a permanent fixture.

tively awarding him some 20 medals for heroism, nine of them on the same day. Seagrave argues convincingly that Marcos' stirring tales of escaping from Japanese prison camps after being tortured, and then conducting reconnaissance raids for the Filipino resistance, are so much hogwash. In fact, an American commander of the underground in 1945 had ordered Marcos' arrest and execution as a collaborator.

Like many another Filipino politician who was born poor, Marcos regarded bribes and corrupt profits as perks of office; he skimmed millions, for example, from the country's cigarette-tobacco monopoly. But Seagrave estimates that the ex-dictator's fortune may be as much as \$100 billion. Whence came that awesome wealth? Seagrave's answer is that Marcos had located and dug up part of a vast horde of stolen bullion known as "Yamashita's Gold."

According to the author's somewhat breathless account, when Japanese General Tomoyuki Yamashita ("the Tiger of Malaya") moved to Manila in 1944, he took charge of several billion dollars' worth of gold that the Japanese had accumulated in their conquest of Southeast Asia. The bullion was cached in underground caves

dug by U.S. and Filipino prisoners of war, who were then buried alive with it. Seagrave claims that Marcos was able to disperse the gold with the aid of a murky global network of coconspirators, including Swiss banks, a London-based bullion cartel, right-wing American political groups (among them, the John Birch Society) and—guess what?—the CIA.

The Marcos Dynasty, which ends with Imelda and an ailing Ferdinand flying off to exile in Hawaii, falls into the morbid subbranch of literature that Joyce Carol Oates has dubbed pathography. As such, it is a book with notable flaws. Seagrave, whose previous works include a biography of China's legendary Soong sisters, writes with glum prosecutorial fury, treating as credible any rumor of lurid conduct—Imelda's alleged lesbian orgies, for example—that helps his cause. When venturing into broader areas, like Washington's postwar foreign policy in the Far East, the author lapses into a crude historical revisionism, rejecting as paranoid fancy any suggestion that leftist insurgencies along the Pacific Rim might have been Communist influenced.

Finally, Seagrave seems so concerned about building an indictment that he fails to answer the question of what really

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made Ferdinand and Imelda tick. What drove them to accumulate billions they could never have spent in three lifetimes? What possessed her to buy those infamous closetsful of unworn shoes? Still, the author does persuade us that his subjects, Ferdinand in particular, were paradigmatically venal. Lyndon Johnson, no mean connoisseur of cads, may serve as final witness. After one encounter with the self-glorifying Marcos, L.B.J. called in Assistant Secretary of State William Bundy and warned, "If you ever bring that son of a bitch within 50 miles of me again, I'll have your job."

Iron Whim

CHILD STAR by Shirley Temple Black
McGraw-Hill: 546 pages; \$19.95

**SHIRLEY TEMPLE:
AMERICAN PRINCESS**

by Anne Edwards
Morrow: 444 pages; \$19.95

Shirley Temple is exactly the same age as Mickey Mouse. At 60 he is wealthier, but she has the more interesting tale. The little lodestar of Depression musicals grew up to become a grandmother, Republican spokeswoman, U.S. Ambassador and U.N. delegate. The journey is so convoluted it takes two volumes to chart: a biography, and a chronicle by the subject herself.

This double coverage results in a few collisions. In her spirited account, *Child Star*, the actress recalls some work with Bill ("Bojangles") Robinson in *The Little Colonel*: "We were the first interracial dancing couple in movie history." She was six; he was 56. In *American Princess*, Anne Edwards describes it differently: "An 'in-side' joke was that a Temple picture was incomplete without at least one 'darky.'"

But for most of the way there is little disagreement. Both books candidly discuss the child's unripe screen sexuality, which also seemed to bother the Roman Catholic League of Decency. In 1937 a priest who had been sent to investigate informed the Temple family: "The rumor is, Shirley is a midget." Convinced she was merely a talented minor, he departed. Then Graham Greene weighed in, during his tenure as film critic for the British magazine *Night and Day*: "In *Captain January* she wore trousers with the mature suggestiveness of a Dietrich; her neat and well-developed rump twisted in the tap dance; her eyes had a sidelong, searching coquetry." That passage cost more than \$12,000 in libel damages. Greene and the editors learned in court what Alice Faye had found on the set: to be an adult around Shirley Temple "was a pretty thankless job. You had to work to hold your own."

In the great show business tradition, Shirley was acting in the interests of her parents. According to Edwards, the little girl "held on to... love and approval the

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only way she knew how, by continuing to dance while her mother watched." Her demanding father, a bank manager who quit his career to manage his daughter's, squandered most of her earnings in bad investments. The money was irreplaceable; like others of her Hollywood generation, the child woke up one morning to find that postwar America had outgrown its innocents. The features continued until she reached the age of 21. But Shirley was effectively finished at 17, the year she married actor John Agar, soon to begin his descent into violent alcoholism.

What distinguishes Temple is an absence of rancor. Producer Arthur Freed exposed himself to her when she was eleven; she now claims to have found the act hilarious. Despite her father's fiscal mismanagement, she has kind memories of him, and her autobiography concludes with the tribute "Thanks, Mom."



Shirley Temple Black: an absence of rancor
When the *First Lady* bent over, "Bull's-eye!"

This generosity of spirit may derive from a series of offscreen successes. Temple seems to have been a natural Republican: at ten she watched Eleanor Roosevelt bend over at a Hyde Park barbecue. Shirley grabbed her slingshot: "I let fly. Bull's-eye!" At 22 she married conservative businessman Charles Black, whose politics she has espoused ever since. Although her own account stops in 1954 after the birth of their third child, what followed takes up 50% of Edwards' biography. Shirley Temple Black ran unsuccessfully for Congress. Later she was stricken with cancer. But the old iron whim exerted itself, and she began the second phase of her career. After regaining her health she was appointed Gerald Ford's Ambassador to Ghana and then U.S. chief of protocol. Edwards reports that no important assignments came in the Reagan years, "perhaps because Shirley had championed his then-rival George Bush in the early days of the 1980 presidential race." Watch for the sequel.

—By Stefan Kanfer

New Territories

UNDER THE JAGUAR SUN

by Italo Calvino

Translated by William Weaver

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich

86 pages; \$12.95

"In devising a story, therefore, the first thing that comes to my mind is an image," explained Italo Calvino, Italy's master fabulist, shortly before his death in 1985. Some of his images—like that of the boy philosophe who scrambled up an oak and never descended again in *The Baron in the Trees*—became the emblems of masterpieces. But Calvino also crafted stories from even more pared-down beginnings. He built that dazzling picaresque of the mind, *If on a Winter's Night a Traveler*, from just the thought of an activity: reading. The protagonist has every book he begins taken from him and replaced by another. During his adventures, ten first chapters parade by as Calvino creates a hilarious inventory of the possible in the modern novel.

Under the Jaguar Sun, a slender collection of three stories, grew from simpler roots still. Calvino's intention was to write a book about the five senses. Though the sequence is incomplete, each story continues Calvino's lifelong campaign to add more territory to the empire of the imagination: each discloses marvels in regions that were presumed exhausted.

In the title story, the tale of taste, a couple who are in an erotic "phase of rarefaction" are vacationing in Mexico. They find a new mode of communication through their experience of the fiery local cuisine. Its spiciness, they find, derives from the seasoning used by the early Indians of the region for human sacrifices. After this revelation, the couple's own dining becomes a kind of sacrament, the food of each becoming the substance of the other.

Calvino explores hearing and smell with comparable insight and deftness. In *A King Listens*, a monarch whose power depends on his remaining glued to his throne becomes a paranoiac, his mind an echo chamber of suspicion, as he is deprived of all stimuli—save for the aural—from beyond his hall. And in *The Name, the Nose*, three characters try to track down unknown women whose odors have intoxicated them.

What Calvino would have done with sight and touch the reader can only conjecture. That he or she will want to do so is just the sort of twist that Calvino, one of the century's greatest imaginers, would have loved.

—By Daniel Benjamin



Calvino in 1985

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Fatal judgment: official vehicles involved in deadly smashups await inspection in California

The Perils of Hot Pursuit

Do police chases safeguard or jeopardize the public?

The scene is de rigueur in any self-respecting cinematic crime thriller: an officer grabs the patrol-car mike and announces, "Officers in hot pursuit." Sirens blare, lights flash, hearts and motors race. Sometimes the chase is exhilarating, as in *Bullitt*. Sometimes it is comic, as in *Smoky and the Bandit*. It invariably involves smashups and high tension, but rarely does anyone get hurt. Alas, nothing could be further from reality. "The pursuit is a cop's most deadly weapon other than a gun," declares criminal-justice professor Geoffrey Alpert of the University of South Carolina. Some believe it is deadlier. Says Erik Beckman, professor of criminal justice at Michigan State University: "High-speed chases probably result in a greater toll in injuries and deaths than incidents involving police use of deadly force."

Systematic study of police chases has been scant, but three recent reviews of data from a number of states found that between 17% and 45% of such pursuits ended in property damage, 14% to 23% in injury and up to 3% in a fatality. About two-thirds of the injuries and deaths occurred among occupants of the pursued car; the rest were divided between officers and bystanders.

Is such vehicular mayhem justified? Many police and some legal experts argue that high-speed chases help maintain respect for the law. Says Sergeant Jim Mattos, spokesman for the California Highway Patrol: "As soon as you develop a policy of no chases, then the only people who are going to stop are the honest ones." Moreover, supporters insist, many chases end in the capture and arrest of serious criminals. Asks

Donald Schroeder, adjunct professor at John Jay College of Criminal Justice in Manhattan: "If it were the Son of Sam in the car that you were chasing, would you let him get away?"

Others scoff at the idea that most pursuits involve fleeing ax murderers or worse. Half the time police are running after someone who has committed a minor traffic violation. Such was the case in Philadelphia last month, when police sped after a car that ran a red light; the ten-block chase through a residential area ended in the deaths of a 52-year-old father of nine and an eleven-year-old girl.

Why do motorists flee from the scenes of minor infractions? Panic, usually, says Michigan State's Beckman. "They run because they're driving Uncle Freddie's car, when Uncle Freddie told them not to. Or

they have a six-pack of beer in the car or they're underage. Or they have an expired license. Or they have an outstanding warrant for nonsupport." Most of the away drivers are in their teens or 20s, while those doing the chasing tend to be young, inexperienced officers. For cops, pursuits can spark up long hours of dull patrol duty. In addition, "there is John Wayne syndrome," notes Hub Williams, president of the Police Foundation in Washington: police work attracts some aggressive "risk takers" who are to get caught up in macho antics.

Closer scrutiny of the benefits and risks is leading police departments to propose tighter restrictions on high-speed chases. But the strongest impulse for curbing the hit-the-accelerator tactic has been financial. Since a 1978 U.S. Supreme Court decision made it easier for citizens to sue municipalities, there has been an upsurge in lawsuits nationwide. Attorney Barry Waldman of Detroit has represented victims and their families in ten chases. The longest: a 22-mile, 90-m.p.h. race through residential streets that began when a motorist ran a stop sign and ended when his car killed a work-bout autoworker. The victim's family won judgment of \$1 million against the police.

Many police departments now have written guidelines that require officers to notify headquarters as soon as they begin a chase to report their reason for pursuing and their speed and location at regular intervals. Monitoring supervisors can cut off a chase if they consider it unwarranted or when it threatens lives. In San Francisco, which enacted its chase policy seven years ago, supervisors cancel 85% of pursuits by motorcycle cops. Dallas imposed strict chase rules two years ago. The result: chases are down 12.5% since 1991. If the trend continues, someday, thrilling rides may be mainly confined to the silver screen. —By Anastasia Toufexis

Reported by Careth Ellingson/Miami
Andrea Sachs/New York



Demolition derby: wrecked car lies by road after parkway race in New York

Are fleeing motorists mostly panicked innocents or felonious Sons of Sam?

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A Hard Nose and a Short Skirt

Two cases raise questions about a woman's on-the-job style

In *My Fair Lady*, Henry Higgins put the question in a bouncing lyric: "Why can't a woman [ta-ta-ta-dum]... be more like a man?" Last week the U.S. Supreme Court heard arguments in a major sex-discrimination case, *Price Waterhouse v. Hopkins*, that touches on some further questions that Professor Higgins never got to. Can a woman be too much like a man, at least in the eyes of some male colleagues? And if her career suffers because she strikes them as gruff and hard-nosed, is she being penalized for qualities that might be treated as assets in a male?

In 1978 Ann Hopkins was hired as a manager in the Washington office of Price Waterhouse, the giant nationwide accounting firm. Four years later, she was nominated for promotion to partnership, the only woman among 88 candidates that year. She looked like a winner. Despite the demands that go with being the mother of three children, she had helped bring in between \$34 million and \$44 million in business to the firm and had billed more hours in the preceding year than any other candidate.

But Hopkins, 44, also garnered some biting written evaluations from partners who branded her "macho," foulmouthed and harsh to co-workers. One said she needed to take a "course at charm school." Her candidacy was put on hold for a year. Afterward, a partner who was one of her biggest supporters advised her that she might improve her chances if she learned to walk, talk and dress "more femininely... wear makeup, have her hair styled and wear jewelry."

Eventually, Hopkins left the firm and brought suit, contending that the promotion process had violated Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, which prohibits job discrimination. Pointing to the terms used to describe her in the written evaluations, she argued that she was a victim of sexual stereotyping by male partners who expected women to be sweet and conciliatory and who bridled at any departure from that image. "To be difficult to work with is somewhat in the eye of the beholder," she says. "We had difficult jobs to do."

Price Waterhouse countered that her evaluations merely described her on-the-job demeanor in terms like those applied to some male candidates whose manner had also prevented them from sexual partner. "Do the words used show sexual discrimination?" asks Kathryn Oberly, an attorney for Price Waterhouse. "Or do they just accurately describe her?"



Tough-talking Hopkins was denied partnership
Male colleagues suggested charm school

The specific question before the Supreme Court is a technical one, but it may crucially affect the future of discrimination cases, especially those involving gender bias. In the past it has usually been up to the plaintiff to prove that an employer was guilty of discrimination.

Two lower courts found that Hopkins had not proved conscious discrimination by Price Waterhouse. But they also found that the promotion system was so infected with biased notions about women that the burden of proof should be shifted to the firm to compel it to show that stereotypes played no role in the decision to reject Hopkins.

If the Supreme Court upholds those rulings, Hopkins will be entitled to a new hearing to determine what compensation she is owed, and employers in general will have to work harder to defend themselves against discrimination claims. That change could be especially important in cases involving higher job levels like partnerships or executive slots, where promotions are often

decided upon by groups of executives, whose motives can be hard for plaintiffs to separate and pin down.

Hopkins' suit dramatizes the dilemma faced by many professional women who attempt to walk the narrow line between appearing serious and seeming overly severe. "Men in fields that have long been dominated by males tend to expect women to act both feminine and businesslike," says Herma Hill Kay, a sex-discrimination expert at the University of California, Berkeley. "I think they don't realize they're sending out conflicting messages."

Ironically, the Hopkins case has arrived at the high court at around the same time a related but different dispute may be heading toward a courtroom in Florida. Until recently, Brenda Taylor was an assistant state attorney in Broward County, Fla. But earlier this year she was reprimanded by her boss, John Countryman, because of the clothes she favored for court appearances. Taylor, 25, has a penchant for short skirts, designer blouses, ornate jewelry and spike heels with colored hosiery. She says she has a flair for fashion. Countryman told her she looked like a "bimbo." In September, after Taylor complained to the federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, she was fired. Though told that the dismissal reflected her poor job performance, she insists it was discrimination: "This is something that should not happen to anybody in this day and age."

In general, the law permits offices to establish dress codes, so long as they impose equivalent restrictions upon both sexes. Taylor's office has such a code,

which mandates conservative dress for all. Though her fashion judgment may be subject to question, her complaint illustrates how the right image for working women is still unsettled. "Almost anything you wear runs the risk of looking like you're trying to appear just like a man, or too feminine," says University of Miami law school professor Mary Coombs. Still, common sense would seem to rule out some costumes. Says dean Roger Abrams of the Nova University Center for the Study of Law in Fort Lauderdale: "I think neither a man nor a woman can be outright sexy and be an attorney." Wait until they hear that over at *L.A. Law*.

—By Richard Lacayo,
Reported by Steven Holmes/
Washington and Andrea Sachs/
New York



Taylor: Dressed for court?

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Essay

Michael Kinsley

Democracy Can Goof

It looks as if my candidate for President is going to lose this election. If so, he will be constrained to be graceful about it. Not laboring under any such constraint, I am free to say that the voters—or at least a majority of them—are idiots, betrayers of their country's future, misperceivers of their own best interests, ignorant about the issues, gulled by slick lies. Unless, of course, there's an upset. In that case, the voters have magnificently exercised their ingrained popular wisdom, vindicated the faith of the Founding Fathers, demonstrated the innate genius of democracy, etc., etc., etc. I knew it all along. Regarding my candidate for Senator, kindly reverse those two explosions of prejudice.

It's widely considered a breach of democratic etiquette to question the collective wisdom of the electorate. To suggest that the voters are wrong, let alone to characterize their error in more melodramatic terms, opens you up to charges of elitism. The contention that people have been misled or manipulated, wrote one smug supporter of the probable winner shortly before the election, "reveals an extraordinary contempt for the political intelligence of the public."

The electorate's decision is held to be self-validating. However knowledgeable or ignorant, focused or distracted, reflective or scatterbrained they may be individually, the voters collectively are always wise. Political pundits who have been concentrating for months on the shallowest and most mechanistic aspects of the election campaign—tactics, commercials, "likability" and so on—will switch gears on Election Day and begin interpreting the "message" of the election in the most grandiose philosophical terms. Reports of the candidates' strategies for appealing to various groups or regions of the country will be replaced by theories about what an undifferentiated mass called "the people" was trying to say. These theories will often be of such exotic sophistication that no single one of the people, let alone all of the people, could possibly have thought of them before voting.

Foremost among the theorizers will be supporters of the winner, who will reject any notion that their man's victory might be due to their own vigorous exertions of the previous few months. It was, instead, they will argue, a fundamental and clearheaded rejection of the "values" represented by the loser. And the neutral political observers will agree: an election loss is supposed to force losers to reconsider not merely their political strategy but their fundamental beliefs.

Yet why should this be so? As a matter of logic, it makes no sense. Serious beliefs derive from serious reflection, over a long time. A serious thinker should always be open to counterarguments from those who disagree, but the mere fact of disagreement, however widespread, shouldn't count for much.

The real insult to democracy, it seems to me, is to treat it



as some sort of tennis game where victory is the definitive judgment on the players. And the real insult to the electorate is the patronizing attitude that it is a sort of lumbering collective beast, immune from error because it reaches its judgments through some mystical process that is beyond rational discourse, rather than an amalgam of individuals, each one fully capable of being right and being wrong.

The commentator who sneers that it shows "contempt for the political intelligence of the public" to suggest that the voters may have been duped is a highbrow intellectual who wouldn't dream of reaching his own political judgments based on the information and level of argument offered to

the voters by his candidate. (Or mine, for that matter.) Who is showing real contempt for the public? Those who question the infallible wisdom of the majority, or those who hold the voters to a lower intellectual standard than they hold themselves to? Who is more "elitist"?

I extend every voter who votes differently from me the courtesy of serious disagreement. I think you're wrong. You may well have been misled or underinformed or intellectually lazy, or you may be highly informed and thoughtful but have a faulty analysis, or you may have acted out of narrow, unpatriotic self-interest, or you may just be a fool. But whatever the reason, you blew it. In my opinion. And I take democracy seriously enough that my own decision on how to vote was the result of a lengthy intellectual process that is not going to reverse itself overnight on Nov. 8 just because a majority of voters disagrees with me. Finally, although I am

always open to dissuasion about my political beliefs, and more than open to suggestions on how to make those beliefs more salable to others, I have enough respect for the political intelligence of the public that I hope a majority may come to agree with me the next time around.

One problem with American politics is that it is dominated by people—the candidates usually and their advisers almost invariably—who don't hold any belief deeply enough to withstand

evidence that the majority believes the opposite. Sincerely holding unpopular beliefs is something you accuse your opponent of, an accusation that is generally false.

The theory of democracy is not that the voters are always right. Nothing about voting magically assures a wise result, and for a citizen to dissent from the majority's choice in an election is no more elitist than for a Supreme Court Justice to dissent from his or her colleagues' judgment in some case. The proper form of democratic piety was nicely expressed by Senator Warren Rudman during the Iran-contra hearings explaining why the illegal secret funding of the *contras* offended him, although he favored *contra* aid himself. "The American people," he said, "have the constitutional right to be wrong." You can value and honor that right without cheering every exercise of it.

One problem with American politics is that it is dominated by people who don't hold any belief deeply enough to withstand evidence that the majority believes the opposite

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